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UNDER THE MAPLE TREES.

BY MIRIAM MONTFORD.

Under the boughs of the maple trees
A brown-haired maiden stands,
And deeper the roses glow in her cheek
As she shades her brow with her hands.
Her dark-eyed lover, with hurrying feet,
Is hast'ning along the village street
To the little cottage, trim and neat,
Under the maple trees.

Under the boughs of the maple trees
A calm-browed mother sits;
Listening, she catches the hum of bees,
And silently, steadily knits.
She hears the song of wild-birds fleet,
The uncertain patter of baby feet,
And the murmur of childrens voices sweet,
Under the maple trees.

Under the boughs of the maple trees
A gray-haired woman leans
To rest on the gate, in the evening shade,
Waiting for "gude man and weans."
She gazes afar at the fading light,
And sadly thinks of the fast-coming night,
But with joy of the promised morning bright,
Under the maple trees.

Under the boughs of the maple trees,
Where the swaying grasses wave,
The gentle winds and the sighing breeze
Blow over a new-made grave.
The story of earth life forever is o'er,
Her feet are treading the unseen shore,
Her voice will echo here nevermore
Under the maple trees.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EOLON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE days were shortening fast. October in all its brown and golden glory made the fields russet and arrayed the woods in amber and crimson.

The shore was glad with the voices of children at play, the waves ran in with a crisp sparkle, a brisk quickness, unlike the soothing flow of their long summer roll, and out at sea the wide blue was broken by white tumbling foam, which glanced and tossed among the fleet of fishing-boats that sprinkled the bay.

All the greenness of the earth had put a robe of splendor on in which to die, the winds sang nightly a requiem, and a chill whisper of winter was in their breath. Yet the heart of man was glad, for the sun still shone brightly in a high firmament of blue, and the brisk air had a freshness in it delightful to young veins.

Mr. Fitzurse awoke in this October briskness as from some dream of sorrow and doubt.

His eyes rested often now on Grace, without that vague look of fear, that quick turning away which had troubled his gaze of old.

It would seem that the love which is half mistrust, hungry, and barren, feeding only on sick thoughts, had given place to the love which hopes, and enjoys the present, casting fear away.

"Man cannot, if he would, live Chance's fool," he murmured to himself one breezy morning, as he tossed his letters aside with almost boyish carelessness. "Here are invitations enough from the world to frighten a man back to his senses—or his follies, as one may take it.

"But I will accept none of them. If I once get back to the world and heard a thousand hard voices uttering hard things of her, I should quarrel with them all. No, I will not risk it. Let time soften it to them ere they and I meet again face to face. After two or three years of culture and of travel, she will be able to hold her own amongst them.

"Italy? Yes, I will take her to Italy." He mused a moment, with hand upon his chin and eyes full of the soft light of joy—a dreaming joy teeming with happy visions. "Yes; I have the right to a little happiness," he said in thought. "I, who had no choice the first time I married, may surely be allowed some liberty now. And what if the world disapprove my choice? I can live without the world. I am not ambitious, neither am I greedy of the world's pleasures. I have proved to myself that solitude is not a misery. Solitude? Ah, I have had Grace with me! It has been the solitude of Eden."

Once more he mused, but this time it was with a firmer look upon his brow.

Hesitation had passed; he was no longer "Chance's fool," no longer drifting on in doubt; he had reached his heaven and was content.

"And now I have decided; her anomalous position here must cease at once. If she loves me—— But she does—I will not whisper a doubt—there is no shadow between me and her; and, loving me, she will yield to my plan. We must part for a time, while I make arrangements—— Ah, Prue!"—and he turned a happy smile on the grim visage of that old lady now facing him. "I was just wondering if you had succeeded yet in finding a substitute for Charlotte, of unhappy memory."

"Why, we've got one," said Prue; "and we couldn't find a better one anywhere!"

His face grew suddenly grave.

"That young lady cannot remain here any longer, Prue; and I ought never to have allowed her to take upon herself the office she has here. I have been very unfair, ungenerous, selfish, in permitting her to do it."

"Young lady!" screamed Prue, with wide-open eyes. "Why, she is the granddaughter of that old vixen Betty Lanyon, and the child of her runaway daughter Phœbe—a girl who ran off with a mountebank furriner, and never was heard tell of again! Young lady indeed!"

Mr. Fitzurse could hear this, and only smile; it was but Prue who spoke.

"How do you know what her father was, Prue?" he asked. "I have reason to think he was a man of rank in his own country—a rank higher than mine."

"Has she been telling you any stories about that poor do-nothing father of hers?" demanded Prue, with some contempt. "He was a fiddler; that's what her father was."

"I don't believe it," returned Mr. Fitzurse, with provoking ease, not a shadow of vexation on his joyous face; "though doubtless he was a great violinist," he then added.

"A great what?" said Prue. "He was no such a thing, depend on it! There isn't a man, woman, or child in all Penaluna church town big enough to remember his white face who won't tell 'e as I do, that he was a fiddler!"

Mr. Fitzurse laughed.

"Well, I grant the fiddle—and a rare fiddle it is, Prue—a gem, worth its weight in gold."

"Worth a fiddlestick's end," said Prue, with the old scornful twist in her big nose—"that's its worth, and nothing more! But, lor', how a bit of cranky music does take in gentlefolks, to be sure! Only let somebody come round who can turn a fiddle inside out, and make it squirl and scream, and twirl and shake till every sound in nature seems mixed up and squeaking out of the strings of un, and the gentry sits with their eyes open, taking it all in, as if 'twas some blessed sound out of heaven!"

"That's just what it is, Prue," said her master.

Prue made no reply; she and the "gentlefolks" were not on the same platform with regard to music, so she thought it scarcely fair to argue the matter any farther with such a benighted person.

"Hugh wants to know when you'll have your horse round," she said, after a second's silence.

"I shall not ride to-day. Tell him to bring the carriage round at once. And, Prue, load a basket with good things, will you? I mean to pic-nic in the woods to-day with Alan."

"It gets cold in the afternoon; you must wrap him up well," returned Prue, a little wonder in her voice. "And you'll get tired of having the child with you so long, I know."

"Oh, Grace will take charge of him, of course!"

And, saying this, Mr. Fitzurse walked to the window, and stood there with his back turned towards the twisted visage of the old woman, who regarded him curiously.

"Does your lordship drive yourself?" she asked, in quite a changed tone—a tone grave and low.

"Prue!" he cried, turning on her very angrily.

"I said it a purpose," she responded. "There's nobody by to hear, and it's just as well to mind you now and then that you aint a play-actor, but a lord. It's a fine game to you, no doubt, to come down here to this old ram-shackle place of yours and hide away like a——"

"There, Prue, that's sufficient. I know quite well what I am about. Have the goodness to be quiet."

"I've knowed you all your life," continued Prue, heedless of his anger "I've nursed you in these arms when you was a boy." She held out her bony arms towards him, and all her grim visage softened into tenderness. "I ain't going to be stopped by a cross word when I've got the truth to speak."

"What truth?" demanded Mr. Fitzurse uneasily.

"Why, you've been here too long play-acting to be a nobody; and it's time you went back to your own name and your own place."

"Prue, you are no fit judge of what I ought to do. You must not intrude your counsel on me. I have allowed you much latitude as an old faithful servant, and I have taken you into my confidence, and relied on your secrecy. I do this still; but you must not take advantage of this to trench too much on my good nature. Now please go and order the carriage, and tell Hugh I shall not want him with me."

Prue glanced into her master's face and saw something in it which made her hold her peace.

But her eyes grew full of bewilderment and pain, her lips twitched a little, and she seemed to grope her way to the door. Here she turned, and, holding the handle, swung the door gently to and fro, while she said in a subdued tone——

"And who is to give her warning—you or I?"

"Eh! What?" said Mr. Fitzurse angrily. "I don't understand you."

"This fiddling nurse-girl—a good sort of girl in her own place," added Prue quickly as she saw the cloud rise on her master's brow.

As for him, he stood still a moment, wrestling with his own intense vexation; then he flung it off suddenly with the old feeling that it was not worth while to be angry with Prue or to combat her prejudices.

"Prue, you have neither eyes nor ears, so I forgive you that you cannot recognise a lady and a musician; but I won't forgive your ingratitude.

"Miss Lanyon came to our aid most generously, sacrificing herself, her position, and her own interests; and in return you have only ill words for her. Prue"—and he came nearer and laid his hand upon her arm—"I am not the only one here who wears a disguise; but I wear mine so awkwardly that you and all around me recognise it; she carries hers so gracefully, so simply, that you are all deceived and take her to be what she seems. What she is really, Prue, time will show you. For the rest, I shall speak to her myself to-day an arrange for her departure; leave all that to me."

Once more he walked to the window, and Prue saw that the interview was then closed.

"Betty Lanyon's granddaughter!" she said to himself, as she shut the door behind her with a hard, yet trembling hand.

* * * * * *

Grace wondered a little when the old woman greeted her in a sharp voice, and with an upward twist of lip and nose expressive of a world of scorn.

"You are to get the child ready and go out for a drive with the master. Ah, you knew it, I see, or you would not have made yourself so smart! You have been spending a deal of money upon clothes lately." And Prue looked up and down the dainty little figure before her, clad in a pretty fresh print dress, her bright auburn hair crowned by a small hat wreathed with daisies.

Grace blushed vividly.

"I have spent only five dollars, Prue, and I really was obliged to do that. I had so little, you know, when I came away, and grandmother knew it, and that is why she sent me some money, I think."

"So she sent you money!" returned Prue with a slight cough. "That's not much like her. Here—you'll surely take the fiddle with you? It's the company of the fiddle master wants for certain, not you."

Again Grace blushed, this time with pain and a vexed shame.

"I shall take it only if Mr. Fitzurse asks me," she returned gravely. "Come, Alan! Prue is cross to-day; we will not vex her eyesight any more now with our poor faces."

"You are going altogether soon," snapped Prue. "Master told me just a while ago to look out for a girl to mind the child. You are too fine a lady, it seems to stay any longer."

Grace felt her heart quiver; she knew she was growing pale to the lips, and her hand, clasping little Alan's, was trembling in every nerve.

Could it be possible? Was it indeed come to this—that she had lingered too long and outstayed her welcome? She, who imagined she was doing him a kindness, was in reality then only looked on as a mere poor substitute for—a servant.

It was bitter—it was dreadful; and yet it was a just punishment for sacrificing all her ambitions to the delusive joy of a wild dream.

Yes, a dream; she had deceived herself; it was not for the sake of rest she had remained beneath this sheltering roof; it was not even for the sake of the little child whose wan face was looking into hers in painful wonder; it was for something dearer something that filled every vein with a strange ache of longing as near akin to anguish as to joy.

Could it be love? Was she indeed so mad as to forget the great gulf between them—as to forget how poor and low and mean she was compared with him? But he had not forgotten it; and now he was going to tell her that she had wearied his charity, and the door of this dear home was to close on her for ever.

Never again should she listen for his step, or hear his voice, or see the kind face that had looked so gently and pityingly into hers.

For a moment she wrung her hands together in wild anguish, then let them drop, and taking the child in her arms, she lifted him to her face, and, kissing him, hid her sudden tears among the clusters of his golden hair.

Prue regarded her with cruel eyes. She had very little pity for poor people, but none at all for a poor girl who dared to raise

audacious eyes towards her master. And then the difference in their rank was so enormous that Prue, knowing it, could not help the flood of contemptuous astonishment that rushed in upon her mind, overwhelming her better feelings. Mindful of the luncheon-basket, she went away now without a word more, only relieving her vexed spirit by a grimace or two which fell harmless on Grace's bowed head.

"It's a mercy he is going to send her away, he has got sense enough to do that at all events; and when she is gone once he'll soon forget her. And as for her—well, if she do cry a bit, it will do her good! She'll find out that folks have always got to suffer for their own folly in this world, and in the next too—so the parson says."

Thus soliloquizing, Prue went to her household duties, while Grace stood silent, forcing back to her heart its great tide of anguish, stilling into quietude the throbing thoughts, the fevered pain of her young and loving spirit.

"Hark! Papa is calling us!" cried little Alan, clutching at her dress to drag her onwards.

Grace followed the child's steps mechanically.

At the first sound of his father's voice a great throb of the heart had sent the blood to her cheeks, and, with this blush glorifying her fair face, she stood in another moment in his presence.

A flood of sunshine through the door poured into the old dim hall, lighting up many a faded portrait with a vivid semblance of life.

They seemed to look down scornfully from their worm-eaten frames on the slight girl who stood among them as an alien, trembling at the secret of her own heart.

"Well," cried Mr. Fitzurse cheerfully, as he caught up his boy and lifted him high above his head, "we are going to have a splendid drive, Alan, right through the golden sunshine and over the hills and far away."

"Grace has been crying," whispered the child in his father's ear. "I think Prue scolded her."

Mr. Fitzurse turned quickly, but there was no trace of a tear on the fair flushed face which his eyes scanned so eagerly; there was no sign of any emotion in the tranquil pose of the sweet slight figure.

"We will give old Prue to the crows if she is saucy," he said, as he placed the boy in the carriage. "Now, Miss Lanyon, will you allow me to assist you?"

It was the first time he had thus addressed her; and Grace wondered a little and blushed slightly as gravely setting aside his proffered aid she took her seat by little Alan's side.

The carriage was an open one, and the boy sat between his father and herself. There was ample room for their slight figures on the wide seat.

"This is better than the close park," said Mr. Fitzurse, suddenly breaking the silence that had fallen on them.

"Far better," returned Grace in her quiet voice.

"And you enjoy the air, the splendid view, the liberty of being once again outside the gates of my old fortress?"

Grace felt her breath tighten, but her voice was steady still.

"I enjoy it all very much, thank you."

"I am sure you have felt like a prisoner at times," he remarked, glancing at her curiously.

"No, not in the least," she answered. "I have, in fact, been very content, very happy."

"I am right glad of that. I have feared at times that you have felt my dull old place a prison."

"Oh, not that!" cried Grace. "It has been a heaven of rest to me before"—she hesitated but a moment, then added calmly—"before I launch myself on the great sea—before, in fact, I go on my journey to London."

"Not like Charlotte? You will not go to London like Charlotte?" interposed her child, who had been listening with wonder-wide eyes.

Mr. Fitzurse laughed.

"Not at all like Charlotte," he said. His tone was quite joyous, his eyes gathered a strange brightness as he spoke.

Grace felt her heart swell, and her pride rose; he had heard her determination to leave him only with a laugh.

She kept her eyes fixed on the white road which wound along before them, never glancing at his face.

She could see his brown shapely hands grasping the reins, she could feel in every nerve the joyousness that pervaded the very air around him.

Then the inward power of her mind came to her aid, giving her that wonderful self-control which enabled her to subdue all outward signs of emotion, and speak and look calmly while her heart was quivering with its silent pain.

Ah, this was indeed a just punishment on her for sacrificing her hopes to the selfish joy of living beneath his roof! She had dwelt in a dream—she knew it now; she had deceived her own heart, and imagined she was seeking only for rest when, in reality, she was indulging love.

She longed to rush away to some lone place and hide herself and weep unseen; but the nearness of his presence subdued her thoughts and held her tranquil.

"You see I have shared your imprisonment," said Mr. Fitzurse, still with that new tone of happy carelessness in his voice—"and very patiently too, have I not?"

"I did not not know it was imprisonment to you," returned Grace gravely, "to live in your own house with your child."

"But in such a house," he cried, laughing "and with such an establishment! Why, do you know that old fortress has never been inhabited since the days of Cromwell! And what makes you call it my house?" he added, turning to look at her. "May I not rent it?"

"I called it yours only because you live in it now," returned Grace, a little puzzled by his manner.

"And Prue has not been applying any of that eye-salve of which I once spoke?"

"No; and I have no need of it. I like to see only with my own eyes, not with the vision of others."

"And what do you see in me?" he asked quickly.

Grace blushed slightly, and for a moment was silent; then she said in a low steady tone:

"I see a very kind heart that generously befriended a stranger—a poor waif of the road. I have never asked to see more."

"I will not let you speak of yourself in that way," he said hurriedly. "All the obligation has been on my side. And why do you not say that you see in me a coward who has been hiding away—from his grandmother?"

The contagion of his glee caught Grace here, and the rare bright smile that he loved illumined her calm face for a moment.

"I thought of the grandmother," she said, "but not of you as a coward for running away from her. I have run away too from my grandmother.

"That is a delightful bond of sympathy between us," he answered, his voice still rich with some inward joy. "Fancy now the two wicked grandmothers in the background gnashing their teeth as we drive along here so smoothly, safe from their malice!"

"Would it matter to them where we drive?" asked Grace, laughing.

Even as she spoke, she wondered a little at herself for daring to say "we."

"Matter!" he cried, with his eyes full on her face. "Why, I verily believe, if my respected grandmother knew at this moment what I was about, she would brew a worse cauldron of mischief than Macbet's witches!"

For an instant he grew grave, and his eyes gathered the old sadness that Grace knew so well.

But he shook off the cloud as suddenly as it came, and yet not without that odd change in his manner and speech which had so often bewildered her.

"It is no jest," he rejoined gravely. "The grandmother on my side is so formidable that I do right to fear and to escape her power if I can. You do not understand this; but I must ask you to accept it nevertheless as the cause for all the restrictions I have placed on your liberty."

Grace felt her color rise; to her his words recalled the fact of their mutual positions; he was master and had the right to command.

"I have never felt the want of liberty," she said with that strange tranquility of hers which might have become a princess, so calm and full of unconscious dignity was it.

Somehow her pride always came to her aid at the right moment.

It was he who was confused and slightly embarrassed.

"It is very kind of you to say so, Miss Lanyon. I feared you might feel my wish that you should not go beyond the grounds as rather hard and unreasonable."

"The grounds are very beautiful," said Grace, "and large enough for longer walks than I could take."

He seemed to recover his self-possession with a slightly forced effort, and turned towards her with a smile.

"What! And you once thought to walk to London!"

She could not answer "I was a child then," for she was scarcely three months older now, and yet she felt this little time had held the growth of years.

She kept silent.

"Ah, you are wiser now! You know you could not have performed that task, and without money too!"

Grace smiled, and yet would not tell him what her thoughts had been.

She knew that within the compass of her small hands she held a power that would gain money and help from strangers; and she had thought to play her violin upon the road, and earn thus all she needed.

She smiled now at the thought that she could have accomplished something he could not do—something he looked on as impossible.

It never occurred to her simple mind that it would seem to him derogatory and dreadful thus to use her skill as a musician.

Success is brilliant, and brings the world to the singer's feet; and he might have borne to see her wreath-crowned and smiling before the plaudits of an admiring and adoring audience; but anything less than this would have touched his sensitive pride as with a sting.

"Ah, you smile now at your folly!" he said. "I am glad I met you on the road and saved you from that wild scheme. I have a project in view for you far better than that."

There was an air of expectancy in his words, as if he looked for some response, which she did not give as with a quiet look she met his asking gaze.

To his mind, he had plucked her from a battle in which she must have fallen; to her mind, in its deep purity, and its instincts of strength and genius, no such evils existed, no such battle arose; so the gratitude he fancied to see in her eyes did not shine there; and he saw only in their clear depths a little wonder at his words.

The shadow of the darkest night will not take the whiteness from the lily; and like this flower, there are souls which cannot be touched by the upas shade of evil.

"I have much to say to you," he continued, with a slight tone of disappointment in his voice; "but I must wait till the reins are out of my hand; the horses are restive to-day. Perhaps you are sorry you did not go on to London, Miss Lanyon?" he added half carelessly half vexed.

"Why do you call me 'Miss Lanyon'?" asked Grace, flushing as she spoke. "And I shall go to London soon."

"Will you? Well, perhaps you will and perhaps not. I intend to take your fate into my own hands. I call you 'Miss Lanyon' for the same reason that you never say 'Mr. Fitzurse' or 'sir' to me."

"Do I do wrong?" cried Grace in dismay.

"No. I should as soon expect outward forms of respect from a tiny child or from a flower as from you."

His words to Grace sounded like a reproach; she took them as a token that he felt she was not considering sufficiently the height of the barrier between them; and the smart of tears unshed came to her eyes, her voice trembled a little, and, as usual when agitated, she spoke somewhat in a foreign idiom.

"I am sorry not to put my English in right phrases, Mr. Fitzurse. I will try now to say 'signor' or 'sir' when I shall speak to you. But I go away so soon that perhaps you will forgive it to me that I have not done it yet."

"You mistake me Grace," said Mr. Fitzurse eagerly. "I fear I have spoken like a bear indeed. And, if you go away, it must not, it shall not be as you think—for ever."

"No?" returned Grace wistfully. "But I think it will be. I have stayed too long living on your kindness. And you must pardon me, signor, if I have not always remembered that—that I am poor Grace Lanyon. Please do not forget that I am only a upoor girl, knowing very little and not sed to speak to any one. My grandmother and I lived in great loneliness."

She pressed his child tightly in her arms and turned away her face, seeing the leafy hedge and the shadows on the way all blurred and misty through her tears.

Little Alan put a tiny hand upon her cheek.

"Never mind, Grace; if you do away, Alan will go too. Alan will love you for ever."

Grace stooped and kissed the child; she strove to say some carressing word to content him, but she could not utter his name. She sat grave and silent, while many a green tree and distant hill seemed to fly by like visions seen in a dream.

Mr. Fitzurse drove on fast; he was inwardly chafing at her words and at his own speech which had led to them.

He raged at himself for having allowed the shadow of an allusion to their respective positions to pass between them.

The echo of his boy's words was in his heart—"Alan will love you for ever." Yes, through this last silent month love had grown up like a tender plant cherished in darkness, and now it was in full life—rooted in his soul—a tree either of good or evil fruit. Strangely situated as he was, it might be the latter, and yet the fault not his.

These thoughts rushed through his mind in a moment; and yet it seemed an age of pain to him before he could persuade himself to let his own voice break the silence.

"Grace, you must try to understand me better, although I am somewhat of a bear. I like your way of speaking. I have no shortcomings to complain of; I have only thanks to give you for your kindness to my motherless boy."

He bent over the child; and for just a flash of time the dark gaze of his and eyes touched her face; then he drew back abruptly.

In this flash of time the calm innocence of that sweet face touched his heart like a sword-point.

What was he doing? He was a madman to look on her with longing eyes. Better to let her go out of his life for ever—shackled as his life was—than to chain her to such a fate as his. Even here, in this wilderness, could he dare to say that he was free?

His face hardened, a cold shadow seemed to fall upon him, and, when he spoke again, his voice took the dry tone that Grace hated.

"Now suppose, Miss, it was I who ran away from my old fortress, and not you?"

Grace looked at him in alarm, but did not speak; her face grew a little white.

"I am wondering whether you would remain as my child's guardian, and keep strict obedience to my wishes, even if I were not there."

Not there! The words fell with lightning touch upon her heart, foreshadowing parting, unutterable loneliness, and cold dulness like a dead sea; yet she was still silent only gazing at him with parted lips and and eyes full of sad amaze.

"I know it would be like making a prisoner of you; but, you see, there would still be that ogress of a grandmother in the background; and it is she who caused the necessity for orders that you may possibly think unreasonable."

A half smile touched the hard shadow on his face, then vanished.

Her own face never changed its expression of wistful, grave surprise.

Voice and speech for a moment failed her.

What he was asking was so dreadful, so terrible—the sacrifice of her young life to imprisonment with Prue! And he did not guess at her dreams and aspirations; he did not know what he was asking of her. It was no living death he demanded.

"I could not do it. I cannot stay," she said, in a voice strangely quiet, and yet so full of passionate pain and sorrow that he started at the sound of it.

Then, as if he needed the relief that swiftness and excitement give, he touched the horses with the whip, and they dashed off at full gallop.

He kept them at this mad speed for more than a mile, and not a word passed during this time between him and his companion. Grace feared that he was angry at her refusal; and yet she could scarcely tell whether his request had been made in earnest, or was only one of those grim jests which at times, when he uttered them, fell on her ear like some dark enigma having a sad meaning which her mind could not read.

They were going at a break-neck pace down a hill, and had taken a sharp turn, when a sudden cry broke from her lips; for right in the middle of the road a man was walking carelessly and leisurely, deaf to the swift death approaching him.

In a moment Mr. Fitzurse saw him, and pulled the horses aside with all his strength but apparently too late; for the man fell, rolled over, and lay silent and motionless in the dust.

CHAPTER VIII.

"IS HE KILLED?" exclaimed Grace, in horror.

Mr. Fitzurse did not answer her. With set lips and strong hands he was holding in the frightened horses, which plunged and reared, threatening every moment to trample on the still figure which lay in such quiet so near their hoofs. At last they were flung back on their haunches and stood still, trembling, yet subdued.

"Are you afraid to take the reins just for an instant while I alight?" said Mr. Fitzurse. "I am sure the man is not killed, or even much hurt; the wheels have not touched him."

Grace drew a long breath of relief.

"If you will take the child out of the carriage and put him safe there on the grass, I shall not be afraid to hold the reins."

Mr. Fitzurse did as she asked him, and, as he took the boy in his arms, his hand touched hers and rested on it for just an instant.

"If there were any real danger," he said hurriedly, "I should not let you stay here either."

He was gone almost as he spoke, and in another moment, after he had put the child safely on a high bank, he was leaning over the prostrate figure on the road.

"He is not hurt," he cried to Grace. He is only stunned by the fall. Can you open the basket and get at some wine? Stay! I will stand at the horses' heads."

In two minutes Grace had unpacked the basket, and with a steady hand poured some wine into a glass.

"I will carry this to him," she said. "It is safer for you to stay there."

She bent over the man and gazed into his face, with a strange bewilderment filling her own mind.

Pale as he was, and covered with dust his features nevertheless, were wonderfully handsome; and his great beauty shone through all this disfigurement with a curious familiarity which startled her.

Where and how had she seen this face before? She could not tell; and, as he showed signs of returning animation, she cast her puzzled thoughts, her faint memories from her, and, lifting his head gently, put the wine to his lips.

"Do you feel better?" she said.

Her wondrously clear sweet voice seemed to awake the man to consciousness. His eyes opened on her suddenly, half dazed; and he drank the wine with eagerness.

"What has happened?" he said faintly, as he strove to sit up.

Grace told him in a few words; and he listened with eyes fixed intently on her face—eyes that grew blacker and brighter every instant as sense returned to him.

"It was the fault of reckless driving," he said angrily. "How could I see, anything coming at this sharp turn? Walking carelessly was I?" he continued, in answer to a word from Mr. Fitzurse. "Well, who could imagine in this lonely place that a London turn-out was coming full tilt on a man round the corner?"

He rose to his feet now, and with a curious and scrutinizing gaze scanned the carriage.

"It was a miracle you managed to pull up in time to save my life," he observed carelessly, as with a slight limp he walked towards Mr. Fitzurse. "According to your version of the story, I suppose I ought to thank you for not quite running over me."

"As you please," returned that gentleman. "The occasion however scarcely calls for thanks."

"You are right there. At all events, I'll thank this young lady for the help she has given me."

He turned towards Grace, his dust-laden battered hat in his hand, his face still pale, but wonderfully handsome, his dark eyes gleaming with a strange smile.

"There is no need for thanks," said Grace, shrinking back as he approached her. "I pray you do not trouble to speak thanks to me."

Her slightly foreign accent and turn of speech seemed to make a curious impression on him; his gaze, which had been careless, became fixed, and his manner changed from an impertinent sort of ease to gravity.

Again, as Grace met his scrutinizing look, the old feeling came back that his face somewhere in some dim childish time had been familiar to her.

The thought did not give her confidence in him; on the contrary, it brought a chill repugnance and a curious sensation of fear.

"I obey you," said the stranger; "but, thanks or no thanks, you will allow me to retain a grateful remembrance of your kindness."

Mr. Fitzurse heard him impatiently; an odd dislike had seized him for the man whom he had nearly killed; he had an inexplicable feeling that it would have been well for him if the wheels had gone over him and swept him out of the world.

"Can I do anything for you," he asked coldly, "before I pursue my way?"

"I shall be glad if you can tell me if I am on the right road to a little village by the sea called Penaluna."

Grace, who by this time was seated in the carriage with little Alan, glanced at him in surprise; it was so seldom that strangers came to Penaluna.

"Certainly; the place is about a mile and a half ahead of you," replied Mr. Fitzurse. "Turn to the left when you get to the foot of the hill, and in a short while you will see the sea straight before you."

"Thanks," returned the other coolly. "I'll stand at the horses' heads for you while you mount. They are fine animals—not bred in this county, I fancy."

But for Grace and the child, Mr. Fitzurse would not have accepted his aid; and now, as this grave handsome vagabond handed him the reins, he gave him but churlish thanks.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Belle of Newtown.

BY C. I. K.

I LOVE you, Rose, but I am going to marry Stella. She is wealthy, and I am sadly in need of money."

"No, no! Don't say so! Harry, don't leave me so! I can't bear it—I shall die!" broke in accents of the keenest anguish from the pale, trembling lips of the young girl, as she clung to her fickle lover.

"Don't be so violent, Rose! Control yourself! I have determined to marry Stella, and marry her I will!" cold and irritably replied the young man, as he disengaged himself from her nervous grasp and strode rapidly down the street, leaving her standing with clasped hands, a vacant stare and rigid form as one turned to stone.

Harry Roderick was a young physician. His parents were poor, and all their lives had lived in the little village of Newtown, quietly and snugly seated among the hills of Pembroke.

In person he was not remarkably attractive though considered good-looking.

But handsome or otherwise, he had won pretty Rose's heart.

Rose and Harry had been engaged two years—ever since his entrance into the medical profession—and she had been waiting patiently until he could obtain sufficient practice to take a wife.

And now that time had come.

But all had changed during the next four weeks.

Almost immediately after that avowal he chanced to meet wealthy Stella St. Clair, who lived in the neighboring town of Hillsbury.

To Harry's surprise, Stella made much of him from the very first. He was dazzled—he was tempted. He did not love her, but what of that? Was she not rich? People said so. He was intoxicated with the idea of what seemed to him her very great wealth and her comparatively high social connections. In three weeks he became engaged to her, and a few days after broke his engagement with Rose.

Rose saw Harry no more. He came not again to the house. He was with Stella now almost constantly.

In another month they were married, and Harry moved away from Newtown altogether, and began to practice in the town where his wife resided.

* * * * * *

A year had passed. What had it enacted? To Rose it had brought a hard struggle.

During the first three months it at times seemed as though she must succumb beneath the great weight of her sorrow.

She lost much of her natural beauty, much of her richness of color, much of her sprightly activity of mind and person; but as time sped on, and rumors of Harry's course from time to time reached her, she thought she began to see that it was all for the best after all.

Her pride also came to the rescue, and assisted her materially in recovering her former self; and with the coming of the spring flowers came a return of the olden time bloom.

Ten months had flown on rapid wing. Beautiful June had come.

It was a very warm day in the early part of that happy month that Rose had wandered out in the neighboring hillside in search of berries, and having filled her little basket, sat down on under a shady tree near the roadside to rest.

Seated thus, a veritable wood-nymph, with the winds sporting playfully with her glorious hair as it tossed it hither and thither about her face and neck, she presented a marvellously fascinating picture to the young man in a dog-cart, whose horse had noiselessly approached over the soft, sandy road, and quietly stopped under the firm pull of its master when within speaking distance of the beautiful girl.

The young man for a moment contemplated the scene with a world of admiration in his honest black eyes; then, suddenly breaking the silence, said, "Pardon me, young lady, but can you tell me the way to Mr. Carlton's. I think I have lost my way, and if you will be so kind as to set me aright, I shall be under great obligations to you."

"Oh!" exclaimed Rose, jumping to her feet and unconsciously scattering the berries over the ground as she turned a frightened look upon the stranger. "I didn't hear anyone——"

"No?" smilingly interrupted the young man. Then he hastily continued, as he noticed for the first time the spilled berries and the troubled look, now bent upon them. "You will please excuse me for unwittingly causing you this mishap. May I not help you pick the berries up?"

"No, no; that is nothing!" quickly replied the girl, with a blush. "You asked for information of some kind, I believe? I will gladly tell you what I wish to know, if I can," continued she, upon whom the stranger's kind tone and chivalrous gallantry were having a good effect.

"Yes; I started for Mr. Carlton's residence. I should have been there by this time, but I don't know where I am. I believe," he continued, with a comical smile, "I am irretrievably lost, unless some good angel comes to my assistance."

"You are some distance from Mr. Carlton's yet; indeed, you are going away instead of approaching his place. He lives I hardly know how to direct you; you will have to make so many turns. Let me see."

And she bent her eyes upon the ground in thought.

"I am afraid," said the young man suddenly breaking in upon her thoughts, "that after you have told me, I shall forget, and lose my way a second time." Then, as a brilliant idea seemed to strike him, he eagerly continued, "Would it be asking too much? Have you the time to spare? Could you go along and direct me in person? I wish you would," he pleaded, as the urgency of his mission to Carlton's returned to his mind in connection with the delay to which he had already been subjected by losing his way. "It's an important case of life or death, and I fear I may be even now too late. I will bring you back to your own door, and thank you with all my heart."

"Oh, I don't know!" said Rose, looking timidly up into his face, while her heart's quick beat suffused her cheeks with a rosy flush.

"You have nothing to fear, my dear young lady. Here; this will tell you who I am;" and taking from his pocket a card, he handed it to her, and continued, "I am well known in Hillsbury and through the surrounding country; but"—hesitatingly—"perhaps you have not heard of me here, and if so, my card will make you but little wiser, after all."

Rose took the card, on which she read, "William H. Dupont, M. D., Hillsbury."

Then, looking up, she said: "Yes, I have heard of you, and since the case is so serious that further delay might be dangerous, I will go with you—though I fear that I am hardly fit to be seen with my hair in this fashion, and may disgrace you," said she, coloring prettily.

"Heaven favor me with such a disgrace daily is my humble prayer!" said Dupont, as he helped her into the dog-cart.

"Doctor Number two! I wonder how this will end! He is a noble-looking man," thought Rose, while the doctor was engaged in turning the horse about.

It is needless to report the conversation of the two on their way to Carlton's and back: suffice it to say that immediately afterwards Dupont seemed to have acquired an immense deal of practice in the little village of Newtown—so much so, indeed, that his friends soon began to inquire of him what sort of an epidemic was raging in that place.

No less surprising, also, to her good parents was the sudden exalted estimation in which Rose held the neighboring town of Hillsbury.

Nothing now to be obtained in Newtown suited her.

The few little shops in the place, strange to say, seemed to be always out of what she wanted.

To get even a ribbon or a bow she was compelled to go to Hillsbury, and stranger still, by a most remarkable coincidence, almost always, when Rose was ready to return home, the doctor received a sudden summons to Newtown from some one of his many patients, and as a natural result they drove back together, to the manifest pleasure of both.

And so the weeks came and went, and between the two little Cupid knew no rest, while his darts flew thick and fast.

With Harry Roderick, all had not proved as he hoped, or even as he had expected.

Stella's twenty thousand proved in reality to be only about four, and by the will her mother was to have the use of it as long as she lived, and after her death it was to be held in trust for the daughter's use.

To use her husband's own words, his wife's wealth had been not only outrageously exaggerated to marry her off, but what little she did have she didn't have—only the use of it.

But there was now no help for him.

He had taken the irrevocable step.

He could do nothing but submit to the inevitable.

But did he submit?

Being by nature weak, wavering and fickle, and seeing his great and irretrievable mistake, and feeling keenly his base conduct towards Rose, he wanted but little inducement to be led away into all sorts of dissipation, and at the end of the first year of wedded life he had forfeited entirely the respect of his fellow townsmen, and was far on the road to ruin.

One day in the latter part of September following, the writer found himself in Hillsbury.

He had business there of importance with his old friend and classmate, Bob Ranger, a clever young limb of the law.

It was a lovely morning, and he concluded to walk to Bob's office.

On his way down the principal thoroughfare of the town he was surprised to see so many people in the street.

All were going one way, all seemed bent on some one object, and all were laughing and chatting merrily as they hurried along.

The whole town seemed to be out on a holiday.

"I wonder if Bob is out too?" the writer mentally ejaculated, as he approached the centre of the town. "If he is anything like what he used to be, he couldn't remain indoors on such a great day as this seems to be for Hillsbury."

Here the writer turned a corner, and abruptly came upon the object of his thoughts, leaning against the doorpost in front of his office.

After my first salutation, and a hearty greeting from Bob, I abruptly asked:

"What's up, Bob? Your whole town is out in flying colors!"

"A marriage is up, my boy! Dr. Dupont is to be married at eleven o'clock in the parish church. The bride is the prettiest, sweetest, and best little girl in all Pembrokeshire. Her name is Rose Danglar, more generally known as the belle of Newtown, a little village a few miles back here in the country. But let us go up to the church and see the knot tied, and then you can judge for yourself."

As we stood in front of the church, waiting for the bride and groom, a young man with bloated face and disordered clothes came reeling into the yard in a beastly state of intoxication.

"Who is this, Bob?" I asked, pointing to the new arrival. "He is coming to the marriage ceremony, I suppose."

"Why, it's Harry Roderick, and drunk as a lord!" exclaimed Bob.

"But he shall not come in here if I can help it!

"I don't propose to have this affair interrupted by that drunken fellow."

"And seizing him by the shoulder, he imperatively commanded, "Here, Roderick, you must march; you are drunk, and this is no place for you.

"Take my advice and leave, and be quick about it, too!"

But Roderick proved obstinate.

"You won't go, eh?" continued Bob, sternly. "Now see here; if you don't go this minute I will have you locked up. You know me pretty well, Roderick, and that I mean what I say. Will you go peaceably, or shall I use force?"

Roderick, whose brain was pretty thickly clouded for so early an hour in the day, still had sense enough left to discern what was best for him, and turning, with a muttered oath, he reeled out of the yard and down the street—and it was none too soon.

The bridal party now arrived, and entered the church.

The large building was crowded almost to suffocation.

Bob and myself could hardly get a view of the bridal pair during the ceremony, the reserved seats upon which we had been depending being all occupied, and the aisles choked up with those standing, even back to the entrance door.

It was soon over, however, and when the newly-married couple reappeared in front of the church Bob gave me an introduction and while their friends were showering them with innumerable congratulations and blessings I had an excellent opportunity to note them closely, and I must say that a finer and a happier couple I never saw. As the carriage rolled away and Bob turned towards me, I said, "Happy pair, Bob."

"Happy!" exclaimed Bob. "I should say so! It's a case of true love, old fellow, and a happier pair never was, with the exception, perhaps, of a certain Bob Ranger and his wife—which lady, by the way, you haven't seen yet. Well, come along; you shall take dinner with me, Dick, and after that we will transact our business."

And I did.

THE MISOGYNIST.—"How true is Washington Irving's description: 'Thus have I seen,' he says, 'some pestilent shrew of a house-wife, after filling her home with uproar and ill-humor, come dimpling out of doors, swimming and courtsying, and smiling upon all the world.'" After this, with his queer little face puckered up in enjoyment of his theme, he launched out into a distribe on the disadvantages of matrimony. First he quoted a rude comparison—I think by Seneca—between telling one's wife a secret and unnecessarily taking a sea voyage. Then he bethought him of Montaigne's saying: "Cato, like ourselves, was disgusted with his wife." From that he proceeded to another saying of Montaigne's, that marriage was like a cage; those who were out of it were always wanting to get in, and those who were within were all for coming out—a saying which, he said, was no doubt borrowed from Chaucer's lines:

"Marriage is such a rabble rout,
That those who were out would fain get in,
And those who are in would fain get out."

The last line, he thought, was certainly true, the second one less universally so. Then he had a fling at people who married twice, and wondered if any one had ever been so fortunate as Mabeuf in "Les Miserables," who, being asked if he had ever been married, replied, "I have forgotten!" * * * "Did you ever read 'Holy Living?' You will find there what a saintly man thought of mother-in-law. He tells how a man threw a stone at a dog; the stone missed the dog, but hit his mother-in-law. 'Thus,' says the pious author, 'the stone was not wholly in vain.'" * * * Pomposity thought that I was speaking to him, and answered with friendly gravity, "One of the advantages of that holy state which we have heard so strangely aspersed is the influence of the matron in discouraging the irregular hours. I wish you a good night, Sir." "Good night, Sir—good night," chirped the voice of the misogynist after us. "You know what Jeremy Taylor says? 'Better sit up all night than go to bed with a dragon!'"

Bric-a-Brac.

CURIOUS SUPERSTITION.—The following passage from an ancient Welsh law affords a somewhat ingenious argument in favor of the use of wax candles in churches: "Bees derive their origin from Paradise, and because of the sin of man did they come from thence, and God conferred on them His blessing, and therefore mass cannot be chanted without their work!"

A LABOR FLOWER.—There has lately been exhibited in the Botanical Garden of Berlin the biggest flower in the world—the great flower of Sumatra known in science as the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, and peculiar to Java and Sumatra. It measures nearly ten feet in circumference and more than three in diameter. Sir Stamford Raffles and Dr. Joseph Arnold were exploring in company when they discovered this champion plant.

A FRENCH EPITAPH.—In France formerly only nobles could place epitaphs on tombs without permission, and the clergyman of a parish in England to-day can require the removal of an epitaph which he deems improper. In fact, such a case arose some time ago, and the desirability of his having discretion in the matter was upheld by one of the Bishops in the House of Lords, who quoted a case in which the parson had interfered to have erased the lines:

Defrauded by the doctor,
Neglected by the nurse,
The brother took the money,
And made it all the worse.

Doctor, nurse, and brother naturally all protested against this libellous legend.

ABOUT EATING.—Rabbits were formerly considered a very delicate dish; they multiplied to such a degree in Spain that it is said they undermined the ramparts and houses of Tarragona in such a manner that many of them fell. The Gauls were accustomed to bring to Rome, by regular marches across the Alps, immense flocks of geese. At the present time, in France, one often meets with numerous flocks of turkeys, which their masters conduct from one province to another. The Romans regarded oysters as a very delicate dish, and the poet Ausonius celebrated them in his verses; after this time they were forgotten, and it was not till the seventeenth century that they again came into vogue.

TRADE IN INSECTS.—Bugs are an article in the trade of Rio Janeiro. Their wings are made into artificial flowers, and some of the most brilliant varieties are worn as ornaments in ladies' hair. One man manages to earn his living by selling insects, and other specimens to the strangers who visit the port. He keeps twelve slaves constantly employed in finding the bugs, serpents, and shells which are most in demand. The nearest approach to his business that we can remember is that of the trade of fire-flies in Havana; the insect being caught and carefully fed on the sugar-cane, is used as an ornament in ladies' dresses. Being twice the size of the American fire-fly, it is very brilliant at night. The creoles catch them on the plantations and sell them to the city belles; some of them carry them in silver cages attached to their bracelets. They make a very fine display by lamp light.

THE STINGING TREE.—The "stinging tree" of Queensland is a luxurious shrub, pleasing to the eye but dangerous to the touch. It grows from two or three inches to ten or fifteen feet in height, and emits a disagreeable odor. Says a traveler: Sometimes while shooting turkeys in the scrubs, I have entirely forgotten the stinging tree I was warned of its close proximity by its smell, and have often found myself in a little forest of them. I was only once stung, and that very lightly. Its effects are curious; it leaves no mark, but the pain is maddening; and for months afterward the part when touched is tender in rainy weather, or when it gets wet in washing, etc. I have seen a man who treats ordinary pain lightly roll on the ground in agony after being stung and I have known a horse so completely mad after getting into a grove of the trees that he rushed open-mouthed at everyone who approached him, and had to be shot. Dogs, when stung, will rush about whining piteously, biting pieces from the affected part.

CHINESE DWARF TREES.—We have all known from childhood, how the Chinese cramp their women's feet, and so manage to make them keepers-at-home; but how they manage to grow miniature pines and oaks in flower-pots for half a century has always been much of a secret. They aim first and last at the seat of vigorous growth, endeavoring to weaken it as much as may be consistent with the preservation of life. Take a young plant—say a seedling or cutting of a cedar—when only two or three inches high, cut off its tap-root as soon as it has other rootlets to live upon, and replant it in a shallow earthen pot or pan. The end of the tap root is generally made to rest on a stone within it. Alluvial clay is then put into the pot, much of it in bits the size of beans, and just enough in kind and quantity to furnish a scanty nourishment to the plant. Water enough is given to keep it in growth, but not enough to excite a vigorous habit. So, likewise, in the application of light and heat. As the Chinese pride themselves on the shape of their miniature trees they use strings, wires and pegs and various other mechanical contrivances to promote symmetry of habit or to fashion their pets into odd, fancy figures.

MY BROTHER.

BY MAGGIE GREENE.

Gentle dews were slowly falling,
Time for evening rest had come,
And the moon and stars shone faintly
On the welkin's azure dome.
Then the angels, flying swiftly
Over Heaven's pearly floor,
Swept beyond those golden portals
Till they reached a silent door.

And then it seemed they gathered stilly
Round our darling's dying bed—
There upon fair snowy pillows
Lay his little golden head;
And those azure eyes uplifted
Told us that the hour had come
For the pretty flower's fading,—
That its blooming now was done.

Then it seemed as tho' departing
Through the room and out the door,—
Resting on their snowy pinions,
That fair darling's soul they bore
Up through all the dark and stillness
Till they reached the heavenly dome,
Then by all those golden portals,
Till they reached the inner home.

Then came forth the Lord to meet them,
With His face so full of love,
And another little angel
Sang around the throne above.
And now on his spotless forehead
Rests a crown more pure than gold,
While the bliss within his bosom
Is joy that never can be told.

THE BROKEN RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—[CONTINUED.]

"WAS IT?" said the Duchess. "Tell it to us."

"I am a newcomer," said the General, "and, naturally enough, I know but little about it. But one of the gardeners at Glen spoke of the story this morning. I asked how long it had been closed, and he said fifteen years. Of course I asked him how that was, and he said that Lady Carlton could never bear to enter it again, and that, after the accident, she had taken her son, Sir Basil, to Italy, where she spent the remainder of her life, but that he, now that his mother was dead, was coming back to live here."

"What was the accident?" asked the Duchess.

"A very horrible one. Lady Carlton was left a widow when she was very young. She had but two children—a girl and a boy; the daughter, Adela, was seven years older than the son. She was a very winning girl, the very joy of Lady Carlton's heart. She fell in love—I forget who the lover was—and everything was arranged for the wedding. She was then eighteen and the young brother only eleven. On the night before the wedding, Lady Carlton gave a grand ball, and Glen was filled with a gay crowd of guests; they danced until the very walls seemed to rock. The old man told me that the bride was like some lovely laughing fairy. Just as the ball was closing, and when the happiness and gaiety were greatest, a terrible cry was heard. It came from the supper-room, where kings and queens had feasted. The guests rushed out, only to witness a most horrible scene. The beautiful bride, with terrible cries, was seen flying across the hall, her bright gossamer robes all aflame. Her light fluttering ball-dress had caught fire, and, the draught of air fanning the flames, they met over her head, and enveloped her. For a moment everyone was paralysed; then one of the guests, a gentleman, caught up a thick rug and rolled it around her. He was burnt terribly, but he extinguished the flames. It was too late. When the hapless lover hastened to the hall, he saw the girl lying in her agony on the ground, her golden hair burned, her face distorted, her pretty dress of white lace and white water-lilies all hanging in scorched shreds around her. She spoke a few words to him, and then they carried her upstairs to die."

"What a terrible story!" said the Duchess of Rosedene.

"When Lady Carlton recovered from the shock," added Sir Arthur, "she went abroad and took her son with her. She died at Naples last year, and the master, Sir Basil, is coming home."

"It will be a great trial to him to return to the scene of such a catastrophe," said the kindly Duchess. "You must ask him here as often as you can."

"The house is so cheerful, so bright and beautiful, you would never think that a tragedy had happened there."

"There is a tragedy associated with most houses, but the world does not know it," said the Duchess.

"I pray Heaven," said the General, "that there will never be one in this!"

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was a lovely day in the first week in August.

The laughing summer had taken full possession of the land; the yellow wheat and the glowing fruit had been kissed to ripeness by the warm sun.

The sky was blue without a cloud, and the fruitful earth fair to view.

The river flowed calmly between the two banks, rustling through the reeds and sedges, stirring the great leaves of the lilies, rippling over the drooping boughs.

It was drawing near noon.

Some of the men had sought the coolness of the billiard-room; some of the ladies had retired to the shade of the great cedar-tree, with books and work.

Leah had gone to her favorite spot, the terrace, where the passion-flower grew in such profusion.

She had taken them under her especial protection and visited them every day.

She little knew what a beautiful picture she made while standing there.

Her exquisite face, with its dainty color and sweet lips, was bent thoughtfully over the flowers.

She wore a long trailing dress of pale amber.

Every graceful line of her figure was seen to the greatest advantage; an artist who could have painted her as she stood there in the shade of the verandah, with the glorious coloring of sunlight and flowers about her, would have immortalized himself.

She smiled as she gathered some of the passion-flowers, remembering the name given to her.

Then her thoughts went to Hettie, who had loved the sweet white lilies best.

How different life would be if that beloved sister were here, how how doubly precious this grand domain if only Hettie shared it!

In the gleaming light on the river, in the fire of the scarlet passion-flower, in the flowers of the gay parterre, she saw the sweet fair face with its aureole of golden hair.

Would they ever meet again? she wondered sadly.

Love, even of Hettie, would help to fill her life—for life to her was nothing without love.

Suddenly the wind, which had hitherto been but a languid breath, seemed to strengthen.

Was it the quickening breeze that made her tremble?

Had the thought of Hettie unnerved her?

She found herself still looking over the terrace walls, her eyes fixed on two figures that were advancing slowly towards her.

A strange sense of unreality possessed her.

She could have believed herself in the midst of a dream; she could have believed that the brimming river, the blue sky, the green earth, the clusters of flowers, were all pictures, and not realities.

For a few seconds everything seemed to be quite still around her—still even as death; then the golden light dazzled her, and a sweet message seemed wafted to her on the summer breeze.

She made a desperate effort to rouse herself from the curious trance-like feeling that was gradually mastering her, and then she saw Sir Arthur standing close to her, a stranger by his side.

"Leah," said the General, "our neighbor Sir Basil Carlton has been kind enough to waive ceremony and call upon us first. Sir Basil, my adopted daughter and dear niece, Miss Hatton."

She saw a dark head bent before her.

She knew her doom was come; she had known it when she saw him walking between the great magnolia-trees.

She had always said to herself that she should know at once, and now she knew.

For some minutes she did not dare to raise her eyes, knowing that she was about to look upon the face that was hold all the light of earth and sky for her.

She did look up slowly at last, with the same rapt, reverent gaze with which heathen worshippers look at the sun.

A great hush, a great calm came over her.

She saw a noble face full of fire and impetuosity, she saw dark eyes and straight brows, a firm mouth, dark clusters of hair, and a dark moustache.

Yet beauty was not the chief charm of the stranger's face; courage and dauntless truth shone there.

Most people, when they first met Sir Basil Carlton, were struck by his handsome features and manly bearing; but they were attracted even more when the eyes took a tender light and the mouth a smile sweet as any woman's.

With the first glance of his eyes, her heart went down before him.

He had come at last, this king amongst men, for whom she had waited so long.

How strange that he should find her here, in the home that was to be hers, in the midst of the flowers she loved!

How strange that he should be introduced to her on this lovely morning, when sun, birds, and flowers seemed to vie with each other, and the river sang the sweetest melody she had ever heard?

She felt inclined to look up at him and ask, "Have you looked for me long? Do you know me?" but prudence restrained her.

Even the Duchess, who loved her, had laughed at her ideas.

"I like England better than Italy," said Sir Basil suddenly, after a few remarks. "Here, even in August, how cool and green everything is! You cannot think what a picture you made, Miss Hatton, standing against this background of foliage and flowers."

"You have been in Italy for many years?" she said quietly.

He drew just a little nearer to her.

A great trailing spray of passion-flowers lay between them; he raised it, and she thought to herself how strange a coincidence it was she should see him with her favorite blossoms in his hand.

"I was a boy of eleven when I went away," he said, "and now I am twenty-five. I have never seen home since then, and I regret it."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because there is no training like that of an English boy. I was just getting fond of cricket, and beginning to think about hunting and shooting; I was a good skater, and understood something about—the gloves!"

"Do you know," put in Sir Arthur, "that the ring-fences of our estates meet and touch in what they call 'Thorn Meadow?'"

"I remember hearing that when I was at home. The Brent woods, from which this place takes its name, extend almost to Glen. I knew every corner both of house and grounds when I was a boy."

"I hope you will come as often now as you did then," said Sir Arthur; and the young Baronet bowed.

"You are very kind," he said; "I shall be only too glad to avail myself of your goodness. 'Coming home' it a very melancholy event for me, as you perhaps know."

"Yes; we have heard the cause of your mother's departure from England—and a very painful one it was, Sir Basil," said the General.

Leah looked up at him; all her soul shone in her eyes.

"Let us help you to forget the shadow which has fallen over your house and your life," she said; and his face brightened.

"I shall be only too happy, Miss Harton. I dreaded my return. I remembered the Glen as one of the loveliest of homes. I have longed to be here. Yet the memory of that night will never leave me."

His whole face changed.

"My mother lived fifteen years after the accident happened; but the shock her system had received killed her at last."

Leah's dark eyes, full of interest and sympathy, filled with tears; and, as he saw them, his heart warmed to her. How long it was since anyone had shed tears for this old sorrow of his!

"It must have been a terrible shock for you both," said Leah.

"Yes; I was only a boy, but I worshipped my sister. You cannot tell how deeply attached I was to her. I think the love of a sister is one of the greatest joys of earth."

Why did the fair face near him grow so pale?

Why did the graceful figure shrink and tremble, the hands that held the scarlet flowers suddenly fall nerveless and helpless?

Was it another coincidence that he should value so highly a sister's love?

"For years afterwards," he continued, "I often awoke with that terrible scream of agony in my ears. If ever I was inadvertently left in the dark, I saw the flying terrified figure surrounded by flames. But I am cruel to trouble you in this fashion. I must learn to forget."

"You do not trouble us," said Leah; and she did not know herself how much of sweetness had crept into her voice. "I should think," she added, "that it would be far better for you to talk about it than to brood over it silently."

"Perhaps it would," he answered gratefully. "You must forgive me this once. I came here this morning because I could not remain in the house. It was haunted by my sister's presence."

"If I were in your place, Basil," said the General, "I would have plenty of friends about me. Stay with us to-day, and to-morrow we will drive over and see your gardens and conservatories. We have a pleasant party, and I think you will enjoy yourself."

He looked at Leah.

"I shall be delighted," she said simply, a faint flush dyeing her face.

"So shall I," replied Sir Basil.

And that was how the first day of Leah Hatton's earthly Paradise began.

CHAPTER XVII.

HALF an hour passed, and they were still talking under the verandah on the western terrace.

It seemed to Leah but a few minutes, and yet what a change had been wrought in the time!

Quite suddenly, and almost unconsciously to her, the whole world had changed for her—her life had grown complete.

But a little while before her heart had been desolate.

Despite the brilliancy with which she had been surrounded, there was a sense of chill and loneliness, of unrealized wishes, of vague hopes, of ungratified desires—a sense of the emptiness of all things.

It had vanished as snow before the sun, and a sweet harmonious sense of the fulness of life had taken possession of her.

She could have stood forever by the passion-flowers, looking at Sir Basil and listening to him; but the General remembered the duties of hospitality.

"You will stay for the day," he said. "One of the grooms can ride over to Glen for anything you may want."

He did not know that his niece, whom the noblest and wisest in the land had failed to win, was waiting with the keenest anxiety to hear whether their guest would accept her uncle's invitation.

"Leah," said Sir Arthur, "perhaps Sir Basil would like some refreshment after his long walk. You walked from Glen, I believe?"

"Yes; I came through the woods," replied the young Baronet. "I envy you those woods and the river."

"If you will take my advice, Sir Basil," said the General, "you will have some claret-cup. For a warm morning like this there is nothing like it. I will join you in a few minutes—I have to see my steward. Leah, you will take Sir Basil into the house. When he has had some refreshment, he will like to join the party on the lawn."

With a smile for his niece and a bow for his guest, Sir Arthur hastened away, leaving them alone together.

It seemed to Leah as though the air throbbed; her heart beat fast, her hands trembled; all the rest of the world had fallen from her, and she stood alone with him.

"This is a beautiful old place," he said. "I like the river. What fanciful lights and shades there are on it!"

The calm quiet words brought her down from an exalted frame of mind to commonplace life.

"It is indeed lovely," she said. "Do you like boating? I am very fond of it. I have a pretty little boat of my own, and I spend many hours upon the water. But I must not forget my uncle's instructions. You must come and have some refreshment."

She replaced the trailing sprays of the crimson flowers which she had held all this time in her hands.

She did nothing in the least degree unusual, yet every little incident was vividly stamped on her mind.

With the strange new feeling about her she walked by his side down the long terrace.

She took him into the drawing-room.

"Bring some light refreshment, also some fruit," she said to a servant; and with her own hands she offered him some delicious grapes.

She remembered every word he uttered, every glance, every movement of his; and when he had taken what he wanted she looked at him with anxious happy eyes.

"Shall we go on to the lawn now?" she asked.

"I am quite at your service, Miss Hatton. Have you a large party at Brentwood?"

She looked at him again, with the dreamy vacant gaze of one who has forgotten everything, then remembered suddenly, and blushed as he had seen no other woman blush before.

The first thought that occurred to him was that perhaps she had a lover amongst the visitors, and was shy of mentioning his name—else why that vivid beautiful blush?

It was gone now, and she was smiling as she spoke.

"Not a very large party," she replied—"the Duke and Duchess of Rosedene, old friends of Sir Arthur's; Lady Maude Trevar, who is distantly related to the Duchess; Colonel Farquharson, whom my uncle loves dearly because his face is bronzed, and he calls luncheon 'tiffin.'"

"Old Indian friends, I suppose?" said Sir Basil.

"Yes, they were inseparable for some years. There are also Captain Langley and a very pretty niece of the old Colonel's. That completes the list."

"It sounds like a very good list too," he said.

She remembered how he held the door open as she passed, and when the long train of pale amber was caught he stepped down to free it.

She remembered how they passed through the grand old entrance-hall, and out by the side-door on to the lawn.

The Duchess was seated in the shade of the great cedar-tree, with Lady Maude by her side, and pretty May Luson, who was evidently ready for mischief.

Not far from them the Colonel—a fine handsome elderly man, with a long drooping moustache—was enjoying a cigar and a newspaper.

Captain Langley had been reading aloud to the ladies, but had been dismissed because, as the Duchess solemnly assured him, he had no taste for anything but humor.

There was some little stir when Leah, with her handsome cavalier, appeared.

The Duchess looked up with a smile.

Leah led him to her first, and her Grace gave him a very kindly greeting—all women were attracted to Sir Basil the moment they saw him.

They passed on to Lady Maude Trevar—a tall handsome woman, somewhat *passe*, but evidently bent upon making the best of herself.

She received him with a mixture of what she intended to be girlish diffidence and womanly frankness; both failing, the effect was lamentable.

Captain Langley was very pleased, and pretty May, looking more like a fair rosebud than anything else, laughed with delight.

"You live at Glen, Sir Basil?" she said. "I have seen a picture of Glen. There are innumerable fountains and terraces."

"I hope you will honor me by coming to see its attractions," he responded. "The General has promised me that pleasure."

He was quite at home with them in a few minutes.

The Colonel—who, while he abused India, knew no pleasure out of it—began to discuss with him the probabilities of a frontier war.

Captain Langley aired his grievance—which was that some one most decidedly his inferior had been promoted over his head—and revealed that he was in a state of chronic indignation about it.

In a very short space of time Lady Maude Trevar decided that Sir Basil was worth any trouble to win.

He was at home with them all, and quite happy.

The Duchess called him to her side, and began a long conversation with him.

She was delighted with him, and considered him quite an acquisition.

A rich and handsome young Baronet with a fine estate, he would want a wife; and already she had begun to think of those of her acquaintance who were eligible for the post.

She regretted that Lady Maude Trevar was old and *passe*; her thoughts never went to Leah.

Leah had called to mind not once, but a hundred times, that he was to be with them the whole day.

She sat watching him with contented happy eyes, with a light on her beautiful

face, as he went from one to another, thinking there was no other like him.

During the afternoon the Duchess called Leah aside.

"Leah," she said, "we must do something to entertain your young neighbor. I do not like to see his handsome face shadowed by melancholy. What can we do?"

"We will do anything that you suggest," replied Leah.

Something in her voice made the Duchess look up.

"Leah, child," she said, "what have you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing," replied Leah.

"Nothing? Nonsense!" said the Duchess energetically. "I could almost believe that you had been rougeing!"

"I have done nothing of the kind," replied Leah, half indignant, half amused. "Why do you say such a thing to me?"

"My dear child, I perceive a change in you. A new soul shines out of your eyes; your face is transfigured! It has struck me at times that you had a restless expression, as though the world did not quite answer to your wishes. It has gone now. You look as though your heart had awakened."

She wondered still more when she saw a crimson blush cover the beautiful face.

"What is it, Leah? You have always trusted me. You may say what you will, but I am quite certain that there is something which would account for the change in you. Why, what happy eyes you have! I never saw the golden gleam in them so plainly as I do this morning."

With all her keen sagacity and worldly knowledge, it was wonderful that she did not connect the coming of the stranger with the change in Leah.

"Never mind," said the Duchess. "You will not tell me, Leah; but I shall find it out. I know that an offer of marriage rather annoys you than not, or I should think you had received one this morning, and it had pleased you."

"I would tell you if it were so, Duchess," said Leah. "I look happy because—well, because I am happy. Have you ever seen a sky so blue, the earth so fair? Did the birds ever sing as they sing this morning? Were the flowers ever so sweet? Something—I do not know what it is—something has occurred which seems to have brought me unutterable happiness."

"It is worse even than I thought," remarked the Duchess. "Come and take this chair. Let us talk prose, not poetry, and decide upon what we can do to amuse your young neighbor. I like him, Leah. I shall not rest until the melancholy has left his face, and I see the brightness that belongs to youth shining there."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE day passed, as the days always do, whether they may be shortened by happiness or lengthened by sorrow, but Leah Hatton kept no count of the hours.

All that was taking place was a dream to her; the only effort she could make was to prevent other people from guessing her secret.

He had come—the fairy prince who was to wake her from her long sleep; but the world need not know it—must not know it.

It would think her mad—this wary, keen, wise old world that laughs at the sweet follies of youth.

She had surrendered her mind to a host of beautiful but unreal fancies; they had made the brightest part of her life.

To any other than herself they would have seemed absurd; yet she had firm faith in them.

She believed in this ideal lover of hers, who was looking for her in the world just as she was waiting for him.

She had nursed herself in the belief that she would recognize him the moment she saw him, and it seemed to her that she had done so.

Hundreds of handsome faces had passed before her eyes, but none had touched her heart until now.

When she saw Sir Basil's, she recognized it; a strange magnetic influence seemed to come over her; in the depths of her heart she said to herself, "I have met my fate."

And now she must hide her secret, lest the laughing wicked world would be amused by it.

She never thought of Sir Basil's part in the matter, whether he shared her feelings and fancies; she was too much engrossed with her own.

The day went on, and she spent almost every moment of it with him—a lovely day, that grew brighter and fairer with every hour that passed.

That evening she stood in her dressing-room, the pretty Parisian maid looking at her in something like wonder.

Miss Hatton had most exquisite taste, and liked always to be well dressed; but on this evening it seemed as if it were impossible to please her.

Dress after dress was discarded; she could not choose her jewels.

"Take those diamonds away," she said; and the superb suite of rubies and pearls were not pleasing to her.

On the toilet-table, intermixed with crystal and silver and richly-cut Bohemian glass, were some clusters of scarlet passion-flowers.

She would wear them, and not the jewels.

The Parisienne sighed.

They would look very beautiful, but they would give her an immense deal of trouble in arranging.

Leah had a fancy that she would like to be dressed after the fashion of her picture; but the black velvet looked too warm and heavy for this bright summer night.

At last she chose a dress of white shining silk, soft and fine, and with it she wore nothing but passion-flowers.

They crowned her dark beautiful head and glowed like flame against her white neck; great trailing sprays fastened the folds of her dress.

"They look far more beautiful than jewels," said the maid; "but will they live, madame?"

"They will live as long as I need them," answered Leah.

It seemed to her that the flowers she wore to please him could never die.

"I think, madame," said the maid, as she arranged the tall Psyche mirror, "if you will look now, you will be pleased."

Pleased?

She flushed crimson as she saw the reflection of her own most radiant beauty.

She was glad to be beautiful; she rejoiced in her own loveliness.

The dark waves of rippling hair with their crown of scarlet flowers, the exquisite face with its fair bloom, the white graceful throat and white shoulders, the perfect arms and hands, the figure so replete with sweet, stately, subtle grace, gave her infinite delight.

She was child enough to kiss her warm white arms, and to smile at the pictures in her mirror.

"I wonder," she said to herself, "if he will find me fair?"

There were still some minutes before the second bell would ring; she would not go down until the flush had departed from her cheeks and the sweet happy expression of her eyes told less, or the Duchess would soon discover her secret.

She looked from her open window to the running river, and snatches of song rose to her lips.

She could have fancied that even the river knew what had happened to-day; the waters so laughed and flushed in the setting sun.

Oh, happy day, day to be remembered, for it stood out from her life as a bright star in a dark sky!

"The sixth of August," she said herself; "I shall never forget the date. I have been in the world twenty-two years, but I have never lived until to-day."

Then the bell rang, and she went down into the drawing-room.

More than one present drew a deep breath of silent admiration.

The General thought he had never seen his niece look so well; and the Duchess said to herself:

"Something has come to the child; it is useless for her to deny it."

Sir Basil too looked at her in wonder.

He had been attracted by her appearance as she stood on the terrace; but now the sense of her great loveliness came over him and struck him almost dumb.

He took her down to dinner, wondering that he had not been impressed before, and he talked more to her than he had previously.

The dinner party was a pleasant one.

Leah was a charming hostess; and a more agreeable, hospitable, entertaining host than General Hatton it would have been almost impossible to find.

When the ladies returned to the drawing-room, the Duchess took up a book, with some little hope of disguising the fact that she was going to sleep; Lady Maude had several secrets to talk over with pretty May Luson; so that Leah was alone.

She tried to steady her thoughts, but she could not—they were all chaos.

She tried to still the throbbing of her heart; it was impossible.

The girl's every nerve was strained.

The long French windows were wide open.

She stood near one of them to see if the fresh evening air would drive away the thick crowding thoughts and fancies from her brain, and presently a voice near her said:

"How plainly you can see the river from here, Miss Hatton!"

She raised her dark dreamy eyes to Sir Basil's.

"I often wonder," she returned, "what I should do if I had to live where there was no river. I should miss it so much. I look at it always the first thing in the morning and the last at night. It is a friend and companion to me."

"I am of your opinion; no landscape is perfect to me without water. I have a childish love of water, from the great wild tossing ocean down to the tiniest lakelet. The sound of its falling or dripping or rushing, as the river rushes there, is the most charming music in nature to me. While I was in Italy I had a terrible fever, and for many days I was quite delirious—I may say mad; and during the whole time what do you think my fancy was?"

The face raised to his was full of interest.

"I thought I was lying by a beautiful waterfall, under the shadow of great trees with spreading boughs. I could hear the dripping of the water and the soft splash as it fell into the rocky basin below; but, when I stretched out my hands to touch it, it was boiling—when I bent my head over the rocky basin and tried to drink it with my hands, it scalded me. Was not that a most uncomfortable delirium?"

"Yes, I should imagine so; but I hardly understand what delirium is like."

"Have you ever indulged in a strong fancy," he asked, "so strong that you hardly knew the fancy from reality?"

Before she had time to answer him, a flood of crimson overspread her face; and he wondered to himself why this proud young beauty blushed so deeply for nothing.

Even had he known her fancies, he would not perhaps have understood them.

"Yes," she replied slowly; "I know what a very strong and vivid fancy is. It grows into a belief."

"All delirium is belief for the time," he said.

Then he made way for the Duchess, who, roused by the entrance of a gentleman, had come towards the open window in search of fresh air.

"We shall have a beautiful moon to-night," she said, looking up at the rosy sky, over which the gray shades of night were beginning to steal. "I like a full bright moon. Leah, you look like a—a poem with all those passion-flowers. Does she not, Sir Basil?"

"Miss Hatton is a poem," he replied.

The words were earnestly spoken, although he meant nothing by them.

They made the heart of the girl by his side thrill with happiness.

"People have such different tastes," continued the Duchess. "I do not like passion-flowers; they always seem to me mysterious and melancholy. I like the smiling beauty of a hundred-leaved rose."

"It is strange," said Sir Basil; "but I like passion-flowers better than any other flower that blooms."

Leah turned her tell-tale blushing face away.

The Duchess laughed.

"I beg you pardon," she said; "I cannot quite believe my own ears. Would you mind repeating what you have just said?"

"I like passion-flowers better than any other flower that blooms," he repeated. "I learned to love them in Italy, where they grow in wild, beautiful profusion—they look at their best when they cling round the old stone crosses and ruined shrines one sees continually. I think an old gray cross covered with crimson passion-flowers is one of the prettiest pictures in the world."

"Ah!" said the Duchess slowly—her mind was opening to a certain truth. "Do you remember, Leah, what we said this morning about passion-flowers?" she asked teasingly.

But Leah would not look at the Duchess, and would not answer her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Farmer's Daughter.

BY L. M. WRIGHT.

LEWIS sat in the cosy cushioned rocking-chair at the window, looking just a little out of sorts; while at the other window in a low sewing-chair, Mrs. Vernon sat darning stockings, and using the opportunity of saying to her daughter what had been on her mind to say for some time.

She was a charmingly pretty girl, Lewis Vernon, with lovely brown eyes and hair, and ivory-pure complexion, that scarcely had a tinge of color in the smooth cheeks, with luscious scarlet lips and a haughty mouth, and a high-bred air about her generally.

She was an only child too, and had narrowly escaped being named Jane Elizabeth.

By the merest chance an old-time friend and neighbor of Mrs. Vernon's, who had married rich, was home on a visit—Mrs. Lewis—and she begged that her name be given the little creature; and so pretty Lewis grew up.

They had sent her to boarding-school.

Mrs. Vernon had declared her child should never slave and drudge as she had done.

The Vernons had plenty of money, and Lewis had a first-class college education, and was taught music, and had her voice cultivated; and Farmer Vernon bought her a piano and refurnished the big old parlor; and altogether everything promised very fair for the young girl's life until—there is always an until, and in this case it was, as it usually is, a man, and a man whom dainty Lewis despised as desperate as she could despise anything.

And it wasn't much wonder.

For John Gumgee was not only rarely ill-looking, but old enough nearly to be the girl's grandfather; and not only that, but he was a widower, and not only a widower, but what one might call a double-distilled widower, having buried his second wife, and was now courting dainty Lewis Vernon, not yet twenty years old, in the hope of appointing her to the vacancy in his affection.

So it wasn't any wonder Lewis looked quite out of sorts as she rocked to and fro in the rocking-chair, her eyes far out on the sere November landscape, her hands nervously turning the leaves of the book she had been reading, a volume of Jean Ingelow's poems, on the fly-leaf of which was written, in a bold, handsome hand—

"Lewis, from W. F."

"Yes," Mrs. Vernon said, as she drew a long blue-grey thread through an appalling aperture in a big blue-grey sock; "yes, I think you ought to feel highly complimented to think Mr. Gumgee has asked your father for you.

"There's not many women but would jump at the chance, Lewis; a ninety-acre farm, all clear, and a ten-roomed house, all furnished from garret to cellar, not to mention the stock, and the two women to do the work, and an outdoor man besides."

Lewis's red lips curled.

"Why don't you add Mr. Gumgee's eleven children, the oldest seven years older than I am?"

"Mamma, I think you are absolutely cruel to even recommend such a marriage to me."

"I am sorry you can't see it in the right light, child.

"What if he is considerably older than you?

"Suppose he has got eleven children; they won't trouble you, and he's well off enough to support them, and you too."

"But he's so horribly ugly, and disagreeable, and disgusting!

"Mamma, I believe I should faint if he were to kiss me."

A mutinous flash sparkled from her brown eyes, and an uncontrollable shiver of unspeakable disgust quivered over her; but Mrs. Vernon, busy with the lessening hole, did not see the pitiful little look and gesture.

"I don't think you ought to talk like that, Lewis," she said sternly.

"Girls your age ain't no business to think of such things.

"If you have a good home offered to you, and a good, steady, decent man wants to marry you, you ought to feel honored and blessed.

"Your father and me has set our hearts on it, and I don't take you to be the girl that will disappoint us for a mere whim of your own."

A more whim of her own—that she did not want to marry old John Gumgee.

All the girl's sensitive, dainty nature shrunk in disgust at the idea.

Even the very remembrance of his long, thin face, with the tufts of sandy grey beard on the chin—his two rows of false teeth, that grinned so ghastly, and were so loose they slipped up and down occasionally—his sleek, scant hair—his dull fishy eyes, that had a way of fairly gloating over Lewis's fresh charming beauty, made her very soul sicken with creeping horror.

"I would die by my own hand before I would marry such a man," she had told herself time and time again.

"I could not.

"I would rather be doomed to torture all the rest of my life."

And then came the startling contrast between Mr. Gumgee and Fred Langtry the handsome young lawyer, with whom Lewis had become acquainted while at school—tall and stalwart, every inch the gentleman of culture, of refinement, with his bonny blue eyes, that had looked such unspeakable things in Lewis's shy, brown ones—his splendid mouth, with its heavy, drooping, amber mustache—his blonde hair, that curled just enough to suit Lewis's critical taste—altogether a man born to be some fair woman's lord and king, as he was Lewis Vernon's.

Fred Langtry and John Gumgee!

A little hysterical laugh, as Lewis mentally compared them, made Mrs. Vernon look up.

"You'd better change your dress," she said, glancing from Lewis's face to the eight day clock in the corner.

"It's nearly time for him to come for you."

Lewis looked surprised.

"Come for me.

"Who is coming for me?

"Mr. Gumgee."

"What for?"

"Didn't I tell you?

"Your pa promised Mr. Gumgee you would ride over to look at the farmhouse this afternoon."

Lewis experienced a thrill of something that was nearest rebellion to anything that ever occurred to her.

"Mamma, tell me I needn't go!

"If you knew how horrible it is to me to be alone with him!

"Mamma, be good, be kind, and tell me I may stay at home!"

"I shan't do any such thing," Mrs. Vernon said, more sharply than she had ever spoken to Lewis in her life.

"Your pa and me has been kind and indulgent to you all your life, and there's been nothing you've wanted you ain't had right out.

"And now, when we have set our hearts on your being obedient and obliging, I expect you to do it.

"Go put on your navy-blue flannel suit, and wear your coral jewellery."

Lewis closed 'Jean Ingelow' slowly and deliberately, and went out of the room.

She never had disobeyed her mother in her life; and, even though this ride with Mr. Gumgee was unutterably distasteful to her, yet she decided to go, as dutifully as though it were of her own choosing.

But what was she to do about the pet scheme on hand?

She would have to disobey—she would have to, even though it was so terrible to her to think of doing it.

As her mother had said, there had been nothing denied her all her life.

But Lewis's heart sunk with wild dismay as she went upstairs to don the pretty flannel dress and coral jewellery, for John Gumgee's fishy eyes to admire.

But when, very greatly to Mrs. Vernon's satisfaction, Lewis came smiling downstairs, upon the announcement of her elderly suitor's waiting upon her, it did not have the appearance of Mr. Gumgee's giving her up, judging by the evident delight and admiration he experienced at sight of her, fair as a lily, proud as a duchess, yet gracious and enchanting.

The drive over to the farm was not so horrible, for one of the little Gumgees was along, very greatly to Lewis's fervent thankfulness.

But arrived at the house, Lewis assumed an air of superiority that was somewhat amusing at first.

"I can't say that I at all like the place," Lewis said, flippantly.

"It's dark and damp; too many trees around altogether.

"Those horse-chestnuts must come down if I come here, Mr. Gumgee."

He smiled at her airy authoritativeness.

"Come down?

"Them trees have stood there for a hundred years, Lewis."

"That's an added reason why they must come down.

"A century is long enough for anything to live.

"And I want a lawn sunk there for croquet, Mr. Gumgee—right there, where all those ugly bushes are."

"Ugly bushes?

"Why they are my prize gooseberry bushes!"

"Gooseberries—gooseberries!

"As if I would tolerate such vulgar fruit in front of my house.

"No; I must have a sunken lawn there, and a Swiss summer-house—one of those lovely ones I have home in a stereoscopic view—built just yonder, and here I want you to put up an arbor purposely for wisteria."

He looked at her, as if not knowing whether she were in fun or earnest.

"I guess we'd better go inside," said he.

And they went inside, and Lewis stopped point-blank as he opened the door.

"Why, isn't there but one door?

"I must have all this altered before I come, Mr. Gumgee.

"You must have a double door and a square vestibule before the hall is entered.

"What a wretched stuffy little hall it is anyhow."

She looked contemptuously about while Mr. Gumgee, his hands thrust in his trouser-pockets, stared at her.

"Nobody ever said so before, Lewis.

"Jane, Eliza, and Mary Ann never found fault with it."

"Oh, but they were country people, and didn't know any better.

"You can easily knock the partition out, and make it wide and airy; and then make the house wider on the sides, and run two story piazzas all round, and throw out three or four bay windows.

"I couldn't stand such a wretched ugly place as this is.

"Shall we go through the other rooms, Mr. Gumgee?

"I am quite anxious to see my drawing-room, for I shall entertain a great deal of company, and want plenty of room for dancing, you know."

But Mr. Gumgee's steps were not taken with much alacrity toward the drawing-room door.

"I daresay it won't suit you," he said dubiously, as he unlocked it and showed the square sombre room, with the unused, unhomelike furniture.

"I should say not," Lewis said, with a laugh that Mr. Gumgee did not at all appreciate.

"I see there is a room back of it.

"You can throw them into one with an arch in the centre.

"You can put in marble mantels and grates, and cut the windows down, and build an oriel here, and make it quite respectable.

"A handsome paper, and lace curtains over amber satin, and an amber-velvet carpet will——"

"Say," he said impressively, "you seem to have an idea I'm made of money, Lewis, and am fool enough to go tearing things up by the roots to make 'em fine enough for you; but you're mistaken."

Lewis opened her eyes in innocent amazement.

"Why, am I not to have my ponies, and a phaeton, and a French maid?

"I must have them, and a villa at Newport——"

"See here a minute," he interrupted impressively.

"There appears to be a mistake, somwhere or other.

"I daresay it's my fault, but like as not it's better for me to back out of——"

This time it was Lewis who interrupted a little haughtily—

"One minute, if you please, Mr. Gumgee.

"Whatever you have to say on the subject just mentioned you will say to papa and mamma.

"Of them you tried to buy me; to them you go with your changed views."

And Lewis actually succeeded in convincing him he was a happy man in escaping before it was too late, and when they arrived home she ushered him into Mr. Vernon's presence, and told her father Mr. Gumgee wished to see him on important business.

And Mr. Gumgee told Mr. Vernon that after serious reflection, he had decided that Miss Lewis was not quite—was too young for him, or he was too old for her; anyhow——

And while the two men settled it in the dining-room, Lewis, standing at the gate, in the gloaming, rejoicing at the success of her little scheme, was suddenly enraptured at sight of the dearest one in the world, and Fred Langtry came up and caught her in his arms and kissed her.

"I couldn't go without seeing you any longer, my darling," he said eagerly.

* * * * * *

And before Mr. Gumgee had found a wife she would take him, there was a gay wedding at the Vernons, and the old people were as proud as Lewis was of dear Fred.

A MODERN "RIP."—A Banning Norton, marshal of the Northern district of Texas, has of late been a conspicuous figure at Washington. When Henry Clay was a candidate for the Presidency he took an oath that he never would shave or have his hair cut until the great Kentuckian was President. He has kept his oath, and now walks the streets, looking like modern Rip Van Winkle just awakened from his long sleep.

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

BUT was there no one and nothing else remarkable in this party?" asked Philip, seeing his aunt's cheek flush angrily, and Lily's lips twitching nervously, a well-known symptom of annoyance or agitation with her.

"Well, I really have no very distinct idea of anything very different from other parties," replied Kate.

"There were plenty of girls and beaux, and card-players, and dancing, and flirting; but I confess, if I were Pauline Forbes, I would not like my lover to be too much in contact with that most fascinating-looking damsel."

"Come, come, Kate, you are talking nonsense now," said Philip.

"It is absurd to put such a girl as you describe in competition with a perfect beauty like Miss Forbes, and an heiress too boot.

"If it is, you ought never to have one, and no one worth having would waste a thought upon you."

"Don't misrepresent my words, if it please you, lady," retorted Philip.

"I said anxiety and trouble, which express very different meanings from what you choose to give my sentence."

"It seems to me that you are in a very ungracious mood this morning," observed Kate, rising; "and as I promised mamma I would be at home to an early luncheon, and go a long drive with her afterwards, I shall take my departure before I catch the infection.

"Philip, will you escort me home?

"I know papa wants to see you about this new elevation, and acquisition, and dignity of yours.

"Can you spare him to me, Lily, just for an hour? I only want a loan, you know, not a gift."

The gay girl laughed provokingly, as Lily's color rushed to her cheeks.

"Mr. Joddrell is not mine to dispose of," she said, proudly.

"It can make no difference to me, whether he chooses to go or stay."

"Humph! well—opinions differ on that point," said Kate.

"Do you endorse Lily's account of herself Lady Joddrell?"

"Philip is his own master," said the lady, haughtily.

As the young man did not relish being a party in the storm he saw brewing, he accepted Kate's challenge, and they set off, after a somewhat cool farewell from Lady Joddrell and her daughter.

"Philip," said Kate, after a brief pause, "are you in love with Lillian?"

"What an extraordinary question!" he said, coloring deeply.

"You certainly lose none of the privileges of your sex and relationship, Kate."

"I am very unlucky, or you are both very cross this morning," said Kate, half pettishly.

"I can't see anything so very extraordinary in such a remark, when I have just found you in such loverlike fashion."

"Thank you, I don't know which has most reason to be flattered," said Philip, with a flushed face, and a poor attempt at a smile.

"Now, Philip, don't be cross," said Kate.

"You know that I am your real true friend and cousin, and cherish a very foolish, sisterly interest in you, besides a natural dislike to seeing people make fools of to themselves.

"There, don't look so grieved. You know perfectly well it is not the least use with me."

Philip laughed.

It was, he well knew, a waste of words and time to wage war with Kate.

"I am duly flattered," he said, "both with your regard and your opinion of me, Kate; but, in plain English, will you have the kindness to tell me why you think the idea of my being in love with beautiful Lily Joddrell an act of folly?"

"First, tell me whether you are really so," said Kate; "though your very touchiness on the subject betrays you."

"Well, take it for granted," said Philip, "for the sake of argument."

"I take nothing for granted—it is illogical," said Kate.

"And for that reason feminine," said Philip. "However, I do think you may be trusted, Kate, for, with all your girlishness and saucy impertinence, you have a greater portion of sense, and, I believe, true-hearted unselfishness, than any woman of my acquaintance.

"I really don't think you would, from jealousy, pick holes in even a rival's character."

"Thank you, cousin," said Kate, with a shade of deeper feeling in look and tone than her gay, light nature would have seemed capable of; "I am not vain enough to think myself deserving of such praise; but still, I do feel a real sister's interest in you, and perhaps a sister's quick instinct where you are concerned.

"And now, Philip, will you answer my question—are you in love with Lillian?"

"And now, Kate, I am puzzled to answer you," he said, with a frank yet embarrassed air.

"I certainly think her the loveliest and most fascinating little creature I ever saw; and as my aunt evidently wishes we should think each other as charming as possible, why of course we have been thrown together a great deal; and——"

"You do love her, then?" said Kate, in a tone of half pettish regret.

"I suppose so," he replied, in a voice that would have been ludicrous in its resigned, helpless tone, had the hearer's feelings been less engrossed with the words it spoke.

"Suppose!" she repeated, impatiently. "I dislike such evasions, Phil.

"Why not say 'yes' at once? You certainly must know whether you are in love."

"Certainly I must not," said Philip.

"I don't know whether you ever are likely to feel the same state of bewilderment that I am in at this moment, Kate; but I tell you honestly that I am in doubt as to my feelings with regard to Lillian.

"She has certainly beauty, amiability, accomplishments, fortune—and I sometimes am vain enough to think, love for my worthy self."

"Philip, you are blind, absolutely blind," said Kate impatiently.

"Lily is beautiful, I grant, in her way; but it is not a beauty that would grow on you after you were her husband, or even her accepted lover.

"And as to her amiability, it is only the amiability of an untried nature, that scarcely knows a wish contradicted.

"I wonder whether she would bear a disappointment in any real desire, or would brave a single danger or discomfort for any one she loved?

"That is what I call a true honest-hearted girl, worthy of a man's love, and not merely a pretty winning semblance of amiability and affection."

Philip was silent.

He thought of Barbara, and the return her devoted attachment had received; but then there were so many excuses in Lily's peculiar position.

"My dear little philosopher," he said, half laughing, "you are either jealous of Lillian or the sharpest observer for a girl of seventeen I ever knew in all my experience."

"I am right, Cousin Philip, sneer as you like," said Kate, indignantly.

"Kate, excuse me; I can appreciate your motives, but you are too severe, too bitter in your judgment," said Philip.

"I am not, Philip," she replied.

"You are blinded by Lillian's beauty, and I don't much wonder, though it is unworthy of you.

"Believe me, Lily is both weak and selfish by nature, but it has been cultivated to the utmost by Lady Joddrell, who is too indolent and selfish herself, to care about any faults that do not injure her own comfort, or spoil Lily's face and carriage.

"I am sure you will despise her in less than six months, and lament your own folly if you marry her."

"Be assured, Kate, that I have too much faith in that sweet face and gentle voice, and amiable temper, to believe your condemnation or your prophecies," said Philip.

"However, I will take your advice to wait and watch before I commit myself."

"And I tell you, Philip, as a last warning that if you do wait, and trust yourself to watch her, as you fancy you mean to do, the case is hopeless, unless some good genius interferes."

As Kate concluded, with a look and tone of intense mortification which would have been misinterpreted to most men, as arising from a very different and more interested motive than was the true reason for her eager vehemence, they arrived at Mrs. Holder's.

Philip went in with his young cousin, and shared the early lunch of which Kate had spoken, and then handed the ladies into the carriage for their drive, with and increased interest and respect, which was fully appreciated by the young girl, though she was unusually silent and thoughtful during the remainder of his visit.

When Philip had turned from the door, and walked leisurely away from the house, Kate's words came back on him with a degree of vividness and importance that they had not assumed at the time.

"Poor little Kate!" he thought, "she is a dear, warm-hearted creature; and I love her dearly, though she is not gifted with the outward attractions which win love from most men.

"She is shrewd, too, and strangely thoughtful for her age; but still she is but a woman; and women seldom judge each other fairly.

"Lily is so lovely, that it would be expecting too much of Kate not to feel jealous of such beauty.

"And Kate is really very fond of me, dear girl, little as I may deserve it.

"I wonder whether we should ever have been in love with each other if she had been prettier, and if we were not so completely like brother and sister.

"Pshaw! what nonsense, even to think of such a thing!"

Philip hastened his steps, and went to his club, where he thought he might perhaps meet Sidney Ashley, and hear something of the proceedings of the previous evening from a more experienced and dispassionate observer.

* * * * * *

Lady Joddrell and Lillian remained silent for some minutes after their guests had departed.

Lily was impatiently pulling a beautiful camellia to pieces, while Lady Joddrell sat in silent and rather gloomy deliberation, with her eyes fixed on the graceful trimmings of her dress, as if their costly elegance had something to do with the subject of her thoughts.

"At last her grievances found words.—"Lily, my dear," she said, "this is insufferable."

"What is insufferable, mamma? The heat?" said Lily.

"Shall I open the widow?"

"Nonsense, child! you must guess what I mean," said Lady Joddrell.

"It is that intrusive, meddling, provking sister of yours, who always seems to be putting herself in our way, and spoiling every plan I had arranged for you.

There is our acquaintance with the Forbeses completely out of the question, and your future prospects may be seriously damaged by the fact of your relationship to the wretched, tiresome girl becoming known.

I am sure they will publish it if they know it; for I can see they are jealous of you when beside Pauline, and I don't wonder," she added, looking with some complacency on her adopted child's beautiful face, now more brilliant than usual, from the color which had rushed to the fair cheek.

"Mamma," said Lillian in a low tone, "I can answer for Barbara.

"She would never break her word, and she is too proud to claim relationship with any one who disowns her.

"I sometimes think that, after all, she is much better than I am.

"You heard what Kate Holder said of her."

"Kate is a foolish, giddy girl, run away by any novelty," replied the lady, pettishly.

"You may as well say that a professional singer is on an equality with a lady because she happens to have a good voice.

"However, that is not the question just now—we must avert the threatened annoyance in some way; and I have been thinking over the best way of doing it.

"I think the best thing would be for you to be married, Lily, and then go abroad as soon as possible."

"Married, mamma?" said Lily, blushing scarlet. "But to whom?"

"Don't be affected, Lillian; I dislike that sort of thing very much when it is unnecessary," said Lady Joddrell. "Of course it is all very well to pretend unconsciousness with Philip, but I can't be troubled to explain what you already know. I consider you and Philip are virtually engaged."

"Mamma, indeed it is no such thing," said Lillian. "He has never made me the slightest offer, and I am not at all certain that he ever thinks of doing so."

"Foolish child!" said the lady. "Men do not make formal offers to girls now-a-days, and go down on their knees, and ask them very humbly if they will give them any hope, and all that sort of nonsense. No, the thing is done with much less formality and trouble. If a man sees a girl that likes him, or has no objection to him, and he is sure that her friends like it, why then he makes all the arrangements with them. Of course Philip must see that it is all quite straightforward, and therefore is not in a hurry to bring matters to a conclusion, as you are both so young. But I shall see to it now, and at once."

"But I don't choose that sort of thing, mamma," said the spirited girl, with an angry flush. "I think I have a right to be asked, and courted, and considered in the affair; and whatever I may think or do Philip has no right to take for granted that I would marry him if he asked me. I won't be made such a puppet, indeed I won't."

"My dear Lily, don't be so tiresome," said Lady Joddrell. "I really cannot stand any folly from you, after that dose of Kate Holder's. Don't you understand that, as Philip is nephew and heir to my husband, and you are my adopted child, he must see that the marriage is so much a matter of course, that it is hardly necessary to affect all the timidity and folly of a whining lover. He is evidently completely smitten with you, and you may thank your good genius that the man you ought to marry happens to be the one who loves you. It would have made little difference in my plans in any case, but now of course all is as plain as possible, and the next thing is to get you married without delay."

"Mamma, I cannot, I will not have you speak to him!" exclaimed Lillian, springing up in a paroxysm of anger. "I will not suffer such degradation. I am not afraid of finding a suitable match; therefore, if Philip does not choose to secure me at once, I will let him see I am not to be had at pleasure."

"In some respects I don't blame you," said Lady Joddrell, whose attention had been more engrossed with Lillian's beautiful figure and graceful attitude than the mortified vanity and pride that sparkled in her flushed face. "You are certainly very pretty, and will have every advantage under my introduction, and as my daughter; still, Lily, the truth will have to be told, that you are not my daughter, should any one come to propose for you; therefore I think Philip is so much the best and easiest settlement for you, and he will have excellent prospects, and is really very handsome and——"

"Pray don't say any more about him, mamma, or I shall begin to hate him," exclaimed Lillian. "I never could bear to hear any one so much praised; besides, why should there be any hurry? I am not so very old, surely, to make you so anxious about me."

"Of course you are not, child; you are scarcely seventeen, as far as we know the exact date," said Lady Joddrell, "but you are one of those beauties that go after twenty, and I don't advise you to be too presuming under the circumstances. Remember, Lillian, you are not my daughter, and I am not bound to fulfil my promise to you if you disobey me."

"Mamma, you are very cross this morning," sobbed Lillian, the tears rushing to her eyes at this unaccustomed rebuke. "And it's really too bad, especially after I had missed the ball, and after Kate's being so provoking, and——"

The rest of Lillian's grievance, whatever

it might be, was lost in the tears that choked her voice.

Lady Joddrell did not like to see any one in tears, and she had besides a sort of selfish pride and pleasure in the affection that her adopted child had always displayed to her, which she shrunk from forfeiting.

"Now, Lily, pray don't upset me and yourself in this foolish way," she said. "If you really have a decided objection to Philip, say so; and if there is any reason in it, of course I will yield to even a provoking caprice on your part. But if you are as pleased with his attentions and the prospect you have before you, as you have always appeared to be, why it is due to me, after all the kindness I have shown you, to leave the matter in my hands."

Lillian's was a wayward, spoiled nature, but she had a secret liking for the handsome Philip, and a perfect consciousness that Lady Joddrell's capricious fancy for her had procured her a very different fate from what might otherwise have been her portion.

So she gave a sort of half-sullen, half-loving response to Lady Joddrell's caresses, and a tacit consent to the carrying out of the matrimonial schemes for her and the handsome heir of the Joddrells.

CHAPTER XV.

ON the morning after Mrs. Forbes' ball, Mrs. Cowen was reclining languidly in her luxurious dressing-room, and a quick observer would have detected a very different character in her face since we last brought her on the scene.

The paleness of her cheeks, the languor of her eyes, the unconscious depression of her attitude, spoke no ordinary change from the energy and animation that had so long preserved the appearance of youth in the still middle-aged widow.

Helena Cowan's had been a constitution and a character of beauty that would seem almost to defy the attacks of time; but it had given way to yet more potent influence—to sorrow and to sickness.

A serious loss of fortune had brought not only mortification and disappointment, but prolonged anxiety and harass on the hitherto prosperous and untried widow; and when the excitement had given place to the now strong and dead weight of certain sorrow, Mrs. Cowan had fairly succumbed to a combined influence of mental depression and bodily weakness.

The cup of chocolate and tempting rusk were standing untouched before her, and she was leaning back on her cushion with a look of utter depression, when a step along the corridor—a firm, manly, well-known step—seemed to rouse her from her melancholy musings.

She knew perfectly well whom that peculiar yet elastic tread announced; and her "Come in" was given with an unhesitating and cordial look of pleasure.

It was Sidney Ashley who came into the invalid's room, with a kindly look on his stern features that gave them a peculiar charm.

He took the thin hand of the invalid, and sat down near her.

"You are better, Helena," he said, cheerfully. "Your complexion is getting as clear and healthy as ever, if not quite so blooming, and you only want strength to be your self again."

"I fancied so," said the invalid languidly, "till I took a cold, I believe, or else tried my strength too much in my drive yesterday with Violet. She talks too much for me, unless she was better worth hearing."

"Poor Violet!" said Mr. Ashley, half smiling. "It is well for that young girl of hers that she could never have been made anything much better than she is. Violet showed some sense in choosing that pretty doll for her protege. She would have been utterly at fault with a girl of more sense or intellect."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Cowan half fretfully. "Fools are the worst to manage; and a fool the beautiful Lily most certainly is, or has been made so by Violet's petting and mananagement. But take care, Sidney, that you do not make as great a blunder as your sister. That romantic scheme of yours was a frantic one—eh? Are you not beginning to discover it?"

Sidney Ashley probably trusted his aunt's discretion and judgment more than any friend he had; but there were recesses in his heart which could only have been laid bare to one, and that one was the woman he loved.

"That remains to be proved, Helena," he said, coolly. "Don't you know the old couplet:

> "Treason does never prosper—what's the reason?
> Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

It is the same with most of our experiments in life—on sanity depends the success of our schemes."

"Then you fear?" said Mrs. Cowan.

"I fear nothing," he replied, carelessly. "Who is wise enough to know the real result of what he strives for? All I can pretend to, is a tolerably correct idea of my own tastes and inclinations, and a resolute will when my mind is made up; but, though I can see that all has hitherto turned out as I expected—that Claudia is as beautiful, and even more graceful and accomplished than I had anticipated, I may perhaps begin to doubt whether a marriage with her would add to my happiness. It is hard to forget the dead."

"Poor Sidney!" said Mrs. Cowan, gently. "Will that wound never close? I thought it had been healed years since."

"It may have been skinned over, numbed, deadened," he replied; "but mine is no nature to forget or feel a second time such a love as mine was for Edith. Had I lost her by death, I might have felt differently. There may, however, be second though less engrossing affections in the strongest, most intense natures; but the bitterness of knowing that she never loved me—that put a venom, a poison in the wound which could only be cured by death, not time—not desertion—not resentment. But you can do me a real service, Helena."

"And what is this great service?" inquired Mrs. Cowan, with a doubting smile.

"A journey to Italy," he replied; "at least a tour through the continental cities till you choose to settle there; and ere you return, your solicitor hopes your affairs will have come to a crisis to which I wish to bring mine."

"And how can my wandering help you?" she asked.

"By taking Claudia with you," he replied. "Let her see all that you can show her of men and things; allow her to judge for herself—while yet you accustom her to feel that she is, in all probability, to become my wife. When that ordeal is passed, I shall leave the result to her own choice."

"My dear Sidney," said Mrs. Cowan, "I grieve to refuse you, but ask yourself whether I am fit to become the chaperone of a high-spirited, lovely girl, so inexperienced and untrained as Claudia? You would only bring certain ruin on your plans by such a scheme."

"But suppose I gave her a companion," said Sidney; "one who would relieve you of the irksomeness of her constant companionship, and at the same time give a safe and elevating impetus to the girl's ideas and feelings—what then?"

"Double the charge, Sidney!" she replied. "Are you demented?"

"By no means," he replied, smiling. "I am as sane as I can well be with such a wild scheme in my head. "If you saw the girl in question, you would confess it—at least, if you saw her now."

"Then I do know her?" said Mrs. Cowan.

"Yes, and even told me that she would be a safer charge for me than my lovely Claudia," he replied. "Do you not remember that strange child, Lillian's sister?"

"I do," replied Mrs. Cowan; "a weird, singular, yet clever-looking child, full of strong character for good or evil. I have often wondered what became of her."

"She is now as remarkable a girl as she was a child," said Sidney; "and under proper training she promises to become a splendid woman."

"Do you repent, then, having disregarded my penetration?" said Mrs. Cowan.

"Certainly not," he replied. "She is a creature singularly in sympathy with myself and I believe would comprehend me better than almost any woman living; and more than that, one with a heart so devoted to those she loves, and with as intense and unselfish a devotion as her intellect is quick and masterly. Still, I should as soon think of marrying Diana or Minerva as Barbara Graham."

"Oh, the pride of man's nature, that cannot tolerate a superior, or even an equal!" said Mrs. Cowan, with one of her old merry laughs. "Or is it," she added, "the old tale of the supremacy of beauty over goodness?"

"No, by no means," replied Sidney. "I think Barbara singularly attractive, though not beautiful.

"Her eyes are even more engaging than in her childhood, because more expressive, and the whole character of her face and person is intellectual and graceful. Besides, there is a variety that captivates even more than regular beauty."

"But my health, Sidney," said Mrs. Cowan, still hesitating; "I really could not undertake such a journey as you propose, and the constant gaiety that two girls would expect and require. Indeed, I could not promise it without consideration."

"But I have considered it well, Helena," said Sidney. "Surely you will not doubt my regard for you, or suspect that I would be selfish enough to expose you to any risk for my own sake. I have consulted your physician, and he assures me that it would be a decided benefit to your health and spirits; and I am myself certain that the variety and excitement of the two girls would cheer and divert you more effectively than any stimulant that could be devised." "Will you accompany us, Sidney?" she asked.

"No," he replied; "but I will join you as soon as you are settled, and Claudia has had time to understand her own feelings, and the different life to which she is about to be introduced. I intend to give her and myself a fair chance, by appearing in the scene. I am too old, Helena, for false sentiment or romance, and I sometimes doubt whether I am not too old for love."

"Sidney," said Mrs. Cowan; after a pause, "give me a little time.

"I must consider the plan, and consult my physician as to the way in which it must be undertaken; then, if it is possible, I will make up my mind to the effort."

"It is not irrevocable," said Sidney, raising her hand to his lips.

"If the time that must elapse does not confirm our idea about the plan, it can be abandoned.

"Now I will leave you to meditate upon it, and report the progress of the remainder of the arrangements.

"Claudia, of course, will meet any directions of mine; and, if I am not much deceived, Barbara will be thankful to escape from her pretty tyrant.

"I could read a tolerable transcript of the whole proceedings there, the other night."

Sidney now took leave of Mrs. Cowan with another kindly caution, and proceeded to the more modern purlieus of the Kensington Palace Gardens.

* * * * * * * *

"What does all this mean, Pauline? Where is Miss Graham?"

The question was asked by Ernest Forbes, in a tone that admitted of no evasion or excuse, and Pauline involuntarily quailed under his keen glance.

It was the morning after Barbara's departure, and Sir Ernest's usual visit to the schoolroom to inquire the arrangements for the day had been somewhat delayed, owing to the necessity of answering some business letters.

The breakfast had passed, as well as the evening before, without the least allusion to the absent Barbara.

Some of the party had avoided the subject from the feeling of unacknowledged shame—while Sir Ernest had, perhaps, an equal involuntary hesitation in speaking of the girl in whom he took so strong and powerful an interest.

So the baronet had remained perfectly unconscious of the events of the previous day.

"Tell me, Lina," he repeated, in a softer tone, "why has the poor girl left your house?"

"From her own will and fancy, I believe," replied Pauline, trying to drown embarrassment, and perhaps contrition, in anger.

"She was angry, and insisted on going at once, because mamma wished to keep her, in some degree, in her proper sphere."

"Lina," said Sir Ernest, fixing his keen gaze on his cousin, "you are too young, too happy, to be unkind or unfeeling.

"It must have been thoughtlessness on your part that drove the poor girl from her only home."

"Ernest," said Pauline, flushing, "why do you put the blame on me? I am not mistress in this house; and mamma surely knows, even better than you do, what is right in such matters as this."

"It is foolish to attempt such evasions, Lina," he said firmly.

"You cannot suppose I am blind, and that I can ignore your power in this house.

"It may have been a misfortune to you—but it is no less a fact—that in most cases your will is law to any aunt and uncle. By your interference you might have prevented, if indeed it did not accomplish, Barbara Graham's expulsion from your house."

Pauline's patience gave way, and she exclaimed, angrily, "You had better find her out, Sir Ernest, and propose to her at once. Indeed, I believe your making so much of that girl turned her head, and did a great deal of mischief.

"Till you came, mamma did not complain of her."

"The more reason I should take her part, if I have been the innocent cause of her misfortune," he replied, coolly. "As to the nonsense you talk, Pauline, I take no notice of that; but when a poor lonely girl's welfare, her very safety, is at stake, I must insist on being answered, and I again ask, where is the poor girl gone?"

Pauline was rather subdued by the tone of this speech, and although it did not sound so lover-like as she had chosen to fancy, she replied more gently to his question.

"I cannot answer you, Ernest, because I do not know," she said. "I assure you I that I am telling you the truth. I was not even awake when mamma settled it with her yesterday morning, and it so happened that I did not see her all day. In the evening she went away, without taking leave of any of us."

"I am glad to exculpate you, Lina, as far as your account of the matter goes," said Sir Ernest, although he looked but half satisfied. "Still, you must have given my aunt some idea that you would not object to the dismissal, I might say expulsion, of your companion, or she would hardly have sent her off so summarily."

"You are very unkind, Ernest," said Pauline, bursting into tears, "and I am sure mamma will say so. If you ask her, as you had better do, instead of saying these cruel things to me, she will tell you that it was not my fault at all, or hers either, and that we had always been so kind to Barbara, that she ought not to have resented mamma's advice so angrily. But I see you take her part against me. I should not have expected it of you, Ernest."

The beautiful, tearful eyes looked so sweetly and appealingly at him, that the young baronet would have been more than man to resist the mute reproach.

"Well, well, dear Lina," said he, "we will not discuss it any more till I have spoken to my aunt. But it is the best proof that I can give of my affection for you, that I am so jealous of my cousin's womanly virtues."

Pauline's unturned face almost asked for the light kiss the young man bestowed on it. The color rushed to his face as he did so. Was it a consciousness that he ought not to have thus committed himself, or a more lover-like feeling that thus crimsoned his brow? Perhaps he could hardly have decided it himself, for he was still young enough to feel the full power of beauty.

The next minute he abruptly left the room and the fair young creature, who remained in the very spot where the light caress had been given, gave a triumphant, happy smile as she glanced in the mirror opposite.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NEW NOTION.—Engaged sister (engaged to a thing with cheques—that is say, checks—that is to say, with both)—"Oh, how nice! The Provident Lovers' Mutual Assurance Association (limited), guarding against all accidents—and see! If he dies or gets broken all to pieces, or anything, you get—Oh, how jolly!" Engaged young man—"And if the girl's looks fall off, and all that, does it say anything—" Chorus—"The idea! Is it likely?"

Never gamble.

Scientific and Useful.

CAR-STALL.—A train of ten cars, each fitted up with separate stalls for sixteen cattle, recently carried 160 head from Chicago to Boston in three and a half days, the shrinkage per head being only 21¾ pounds average, or about one-fourth of the usual loss. The stalls were provided with springs to prevent serious jarring, and with water and feed-troughs. The saving in shrinkage under this humane system compensates, it is said, for the higher cost of carriage.

THE EARTH'S INTERNAL HEAT.—Scientific men in Japan are now discussing the possibility of utilizing the internal heat of the earth. At a recent meeting of the Seismological Society read a paper in which he said that the fact that there was an unlimited supply of energy in the interior of the earth had been generally overlooked, although portions of it crop out in countries like Japan, Iceland and New-Zealand in the form of hot springs, solfataras, volcanoes, etc. He stated that there is an unlimited supply of water in hot springs within a radius of 100 miles around Tokio, and that the heat of these springs could be converted into an electric current and transmitted to the town.

IMPROVED ENGINE.—An improved dividing engine, of unique construction, is among the recent foreign inventions. The arrangement is such that any change of wheels is dispensed with, and an increased accuracy of division secured. This is accomplished by causing the handle which gives motion to the movable part always to start from the same point, and finish, after the required number of turns and fraction of a turn, against an adjustable stop on a graduate disk. After this it is turned in the reverse direction back to the starting point, which is a single notch in the disk that a spring trigger in the handles engages with. The efficiency and perfection of the action characterizing the mechanism are described as leaving nothing to be desired.

SELF-WINDING CLOCK.—In September last a new perpetual clock was put up at the railroad station, Brussels, in such a position as to be fully exposed to the influence of wind and weather; and, although it has not since been touched, it has continued to keep good time ever since. The weight is kept constantly wound up by a fan placed in a chimney. As soon as it approaches the extreme height of its course it actuates a brake, which stops the fan; and the greater the tendency of the fan to revolve, so much the more strongly does the brake act to prevent it. A simple pawl arrangement prevents a down draught from exerting any effect. There is no necessity for a fire, as the natural draught of a chimney or pipe is sufficient; and if the clock is placed out of doors, all that is required is to place it above a pipe, sixteen or twenty feet high. The clock is usually made to work for twenty-four hours after being wound up, so as to provide for any temporary stoppage, but by the addition of a wheel or two it may be made to go for eight days after cessation of winding.

Farm and Garden.

HENS AND CURRANTS.—A successful chicken-raiser says that he always feeds his hens among his currants, and the leaves are consequently always free from worms, and other bushes not thus treated near by were entirely stripped of their foliage.

MULCH FOR TREES.—A live mulch for fruit trees is had by sowing rye very thickly in the fall. It serves as a partial protection to the roots by reason of the covering it affords, and as it starts early in the spring is off in time to allow proper cultivation.

THE ARMY WORM.—A Nashville farmer's remedy for the army worm is to draw taut a rope thirty or forty feet long, and drag it over the wheat. The worms are dislodged, and the matured ones are unable to climb back, while the younger ones that return are shaken off the next morning.

THE YIELD OF MILK.—German observations show that the annual yield of milk rises gradually from the birth of the first calf till the fifth, reaches its maximum after the sixth, sinks gradually until the tenth calf, when it is about the same as at the first calving, and, after the thirteenth or fourteenth calf, is only one-fourth or one-fifth of the maximum yield.

VINES FROM TUBERS.—To grow a pretty vine from the sweet potato, put a tuber in pure sand, or sandy loam, in a hanging basket, and water occasionally. It will throw out tendrils and beautiful leaves, and climb freely over the arms of the basket, and upward toward the top of the window. Not one visitor in a hundred but will suppose it to be some rare foreign plant.

GALLED SHOULDER.—The genius of the Yankee has come to the rescue of the horse suffering with a galled shoulder from the heat and ill-shape of hard collars, by inventing a collar from catkins, or flags, which grow in swamps. The cost it but trifling, and it is said not only to prevent galling but will cure it, by adapting itself to any neck and shoulders, and is light, cool and cheap.

THE PLUM.—A correspondent of the *Fruit Recorder* says that cotton soaked in turpentine and hung among the branches of plum trees just as the blossoms are falling and frequently renewed until the plums are half grown will effectually protect the fruit from the depredations of the curculio. If gum camphor or any of the essential oils such as peppermint, pennyroyal, sassafras, etc., are dissolved in the turpentine it produces an odor so strong that it becomes intolerable to all insects.

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SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 12, 1882.

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THE HUMAN FOSSIL.

A fossil is a petrifaction—something that has once lived, but has become converted into stone. It is popularly used to indicate a class of human beings, who are to be found almost everywhere.

The fossil represents a bygone period of existence. He is spoken of as an antediluvian. He is known by his extreme inflexibility of opinion, his unwillingness to entertain any new ideas, his horror of all modern fashions, and his utter incapacity to comprehend the drift of his own age. If a thing is proved to be wrong, he thinks that it is better to let it stand, because of the danger that attends all change.

The fossil sometimes makes himself prominent in political affairs. He is known there as "a consistent party man," always sticking to the traditions, right or wrong. He is unwilling to entertain any new issues, or make provision for the changes incidental to our social life.

He may be a member of the legal profession, and if so, then look out for hard words and abundant tautologies and interminable writs and cases "continued over," and no end of "distinctions without a difference." The forms of law, in his view, are more important than the law itself. A judge in a big wig is more likely to render a sound decision than the judge who is content with his natural hair. He would scorn to draw up a legal instrument in such a way as to make it intelligible to anybody outside of the profession. He rejoices in what is called "the glorious uncertainty of the law."

The fossil may be a practitioner in medicine. He believes in heroic doses and copious bleedings, and keeping out the air and sunlight from the sick man's room, and refusing the patient everything that he craves, whether it be cold water, stimulants or nourishment. If the sufferer happens to get well, it is because nature is powerful enough to overcome the blunders of science. The fossilized doctor regards all new modes of practice as a species of quackery, and never reads anything respecting medicine that has been published during his generation.

The race of physicians who may be thus characterized is, happily for the community, becoming small; and, as a rule, our modern doctors are content simply to aid nature in her curative work, instead of resisting her efforts.

The human fossil, wherever he may belong, has a mortal dread of lively people, and cannot comprehend the trifling moods of earnest minds. He identifies stupidity with moral goodness, and regards books as useful in proportion as they are dry. All amusement he looks upon as a waste of time. He is sometimes very much puzzled at the Providence which has made the flowers so sweet and bright, and the birds so joyous, and even the insects so gay and gorgeous.

There may be some few defects in his own moral character, but they do not run in the direction of exuberance and excessive flow of feeling. His vices are not expensive. He looks at a penny a long time before he parts with it. He is usually what is called "a close man." He keeps very close to himself and all his possessions.

And, finally, the door, both of his mind and heart, is for the most part closed and bolted; and it is never opened wide enough to let in the free sunshine.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE authorities of the New College, Oxford, caused some jackdaws, who had confidingly built upon their chapel walls, to be bricked up, failing other means of dislodging them, because the cawing of the birds interfered with their most Christian service. The congregation heard the cries of these unfortunate creatures daily grow less and less till death came to their rescue.

—

ON one of the street railroads in Chicago the cars are drawn by wire cables. The plan has been in operation only about six months. In that time it has killed eight persons, and injured many others. The difficulty arises from the clumsiness of conductors and passengers, and the company claims that practice will eventuallly render both expert, but with how much further loss of life is not estimated.

—

CIRCULATING libraries of an entirely new description are about to be started at St. Petersburg. A society has been founded for the purpose of supplying the horse cars of that city with daily newspapers and illustrated weeklies. Passengers who avail themselves of these literary stores are to drop into a box a copeck for each paper they read. No watch is to be kept over the box, the payment being left to the honor of the readers. The society trusts that it will be only occasionally defrauded.

—

ALTHOUGH lawyers are abundant wherever there are laws to be administered and courts in which to plead, there is probably no community in the world that can show, in proportion to its population, as many representatives of this profession as the capital of Greece. A correspondent of the Cologne *Gazette* estimates the Athenian bar to number over a thousand members, with a total population in the city of only fifty thousand. Naturally, nine-tenths of these advocates, or even more, have no clients, and they are to be found earning a subsistance in many other callings—often, indeed, in very humble ones. The correspondent says that he found waiters in the hotels who were graduated doctors of law. This astonishing overstocking of the legal calling he explains as being due to the peculiar mercurial qualities of the modern Greeks, who are ardent politicians and great admirers of oratory and rhetoric, whether in the political arena or in the courts.

—

THERE were fifty-four deaths caused by starvation, or accelerated by privation, in London during 1881, according to a Parliamentary return just issued. "Accelerated by privation" is a broad term, and might be applied to almost all deaths from disease among the extremely poor; so that the return does not indicate clearly how many persons actually starved to death during the year. It is, however, reasonable to conclude that the number must have been decidedly small.

—

IT is reported that the well-known castor-oil plant, now generally used in ornamental gardening, is fatal to insect life. A single specimen placed in a room infested by flies is said to have caused the tormenting insects to disappear with remarkable rapidity, their corpses being afterwards found on the floor. It is to be hoped that the report is true, but any man who has the steely-hued plant in his garden can experiment for himself by lying in the shade of its foliage when mosquitoes are disposed to bleed him.

—

AN English statistician says that no less than 7,000 swans' skins are annually imported into London alone for the exclusive manufacture of the "puffs" used for the purpose of laying powder on the face. Every swan's skin makes about sixty puffs, which would make an annual consumption of 420,000 puffs. Is, then, the natural whiteness of the English skin a myth? The same English statistician shows that tons of rice and wheat powder are consumed annually in England, and he regrets the waste of so much rice and wheat, which might be better used to feed the poor.

—

A MICHIGAN farmer watched a three-card-monte game, as played by the camp followers of a circus, and soon saw, of course, that the card with the bent corner was never the picture one when a genuine bet was made on it. By a simple process of reasoning he concluded that by excluding the card which the dealer intended the victim should select, and choosing one of the two others instead, an even chance of winning could be obtained. He wagered $100 on this theory, and won. But he had to whip the gambler and the stool pigeon in order to get away with the money, as they fought hard against losing.

—

THE Church of England has of late been kindly disposed towards that rather irregular religious body, the Salvation Army, and the Bishop of Bedford lately conducted a meeting in which members of the Army did the singing. He spoke of the indifferent masses which the Church failed to save, and which the Army was somehow awakening. "We will have," said he, "no jealousies. Go, in God's name, and drag them out of the fire, if you can." The Bishop of Oxford spoke more cautiously in a sermon devoted to the subject, but he said the Church dare not forbid these zealous men, or oppose them, lest it should be found to be fighting against God.

—

THE *North China Herald* gives an account of a new political association which has been formed in Japan, its objects being as follows: 1. To uphold the dignity and prosperity of the imperial house and the welfare of the Japanese people. 2. To extend the power of the empire by the development of the national resources. 3. To encourage local government, and check the inclination towards centralization. 4. To regulate the right to vote at elections in proportion to the progress of the people. 5. To restrain participation in foreign intercourse and devote as much attention as possible to domestic affairs. 6. To abolish the irredeemable paper currency.

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An English astronomer has recently stated that, while the day is gradually lengthening through lunar action on tides, the earth reacts on the moon, and drives it away further and further. Looking backward, he says the moon must have been nearer and nearer the earth, and, indeed, at one epoch in the remote ages of the past, the two bodies must have been very close together. Then the day was but three hours long instead of twenty four. At that distant period the earth rotated every three hours, and the moon revolved with it in the same time. So near to the earth was the moon in those ages, says this writer, that if there had been oceans then as there are now, the tides must have been two hundred and sixteen times as great as now, and, rising to an immense height, would have swept over all England.

—

THE dreaded robber chief, Goresko, whose crimes are as manifold as they are atrocious, was recently brought into court for sentence at the Russian town of Ishmail. The court-room was crowded, principally by women, for whom the robber's exploits, and still more, his physical beauty, seemed to possess great attractions. As soon as the sentence, which was imprisonment for life, had been pronounced, the women present organized a committee to take up a collection for the prisoner. A considerable sum was at once obtained, and one woman, in her enthusiasm, handed Goresko a costly jeweled breastpin, and assured him that the good Czar would speedily commute the sentence.

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THE London *Saturday Review* remarks that the Americans in Europe may be roughly divided into three classes. First come the cultivated and æsthetic few. Then follow the far more considerable body who are refined in manners rather than in intellect, and who, settling chiefly in France, although sometimes in Italy, chameleon-like, take the colors of the people they live among. Finally, we have the grand rush of the tribes of the Philistines, or tourist proper, who might, of course, be subdivided almost indefinitely, but who nevertheless have their most characteristic features in common. The cultivated American, when he does not carry æstheticism to excess and imitate the morbid eccentricities of the feminine-minded English philander, is one of the most agreeable and entertaining traveling companions.

—

THERE are 1,869 work-people, male and female, who subsist in Paris by making personal decorations and habiliments for pet dogs, or otherwise paying attention to the canine race. The trade done by them is estimated at a total of from five to six million francs, or over a million dollars, so that it may be easily guessed how great a commotion is caused among this section of society as often as the dog days come round, and the inflexible rules of the French police as to muzzling those animals are again put in force against their owners. The rage for dressing up canine pets has long prevailed in France to a much greater extent than on this side of the ocean, and has assumed extravagant proportions. The *Figaro* gives some examples of the most notable fashions now to be observed among the fair owners. Almost every variety of dog has its proper toilet, besides its own special toilet case containing the brushes, combs, sponges, tooth-brushes and many other appliances for enabling it to be washed and dressed.

—

A BILL for the better protection of women and children in England from crimes of violence, has been introduced into the House of Commons. It provides that any male person of the age of fifteen and upwards, who shall be convicted of unlawfully beating or wounding any female, shall, at the discretion of the court, be exposed for any period not exceeding four hours in a public pillory or other similar contrivance, erected in some public place or resort in the parish, and during such exposure there shall be exhibited near or above his head a board or placard setting out in legible letters, at least two inches in length, the name of the offender and the words, "wife beater," or other words indicative of his offence; also, that any person of the age of fifteen years and upwards, who shall be convicted of unlawfully wounding or otherwise ill-treating any child under twelve years of age, shall be subject to the punishment above specified. The act, to be called the "Wife-Beaters' Act, 1882," shall not apply to Ireland or Scotland.

A CONQUEST.

BY W. H. POLLOCK.

I found him openly wearing her token,
I knew that her troth could never be broken;

I laid my hand on the hilt of my sword,
He did the same, and spoke not a word;

I bade him confess his villainy,
He smiled and said, "She gave it me."

We searched for seconds, they soon were found,
They measured our swords and measured the ground;

To save us they would not have uttered a breath,
They were ready enough to help us to death.

We fought in the midst of a wintry wood,
Till the pale, white snow was red with his blood;

But his was the victory, for, as he died,
He swore by the rood that he had not lied.

Her Surrender.

BY C. I. K.

IT was down at the Vernons' it all happened.

We were invited there for August, and when the invitation came Clem declared she would not go.

"No, not one step; it was sure to be dull," she said.

"All sorts of horrid people, and not a man worth amusing one's self with."

Auntie was in despair, and I was as angry as it was possible for me to be with her, for our prayers, like our reproaches, were of no avail; she received both with the calmest indifference.

Then, at the very last moment, after I had spent eloquence sufficient to move a statue, and when auntie, with martyrdom written on every line of her dear old face, and visions of hot, dusty watering-places floating before her, was writing regrets and excuses to Mrs. Vernon, there came a letter to Clem from Laura Ivington—three sheets closely written, and in the very last postscript she mentioned that her cousin, Cyril Brentley, was at the Vernons'.

Then Clem immediately announced she had changed her mind, took possession of auntie's partially-written regrets and excuses, kissed us both into forgiveness of her extremely wicked behavior, and commenced packing her own trunks with an energy which I knew meant war.

You think it strange?

Well, we didn't.

Auntie and I were perfectly used to such caprices; she always ruled us, our lovable, naughty Clem.

Yet I was certain it was not pure caprice that made "my lady" change her mind that time, but that bit of information about Cyril Brentley.

You see, his reputation for being unconquerable was quite equal to her own as the most outrageous flirt in society.

Clem loved a foeman worthy of her steel, and she had been "put on her mettle" concerning him several times; and since we had never met him, I was very sure she meant mischief.

We were to go on the eighth, and it was the sixth when Clemence made up her mind to go; and from that time until the evening of our arrival she beamed upon us like a perfect sunbeam; but that evening she got fractious—wouldn't get dressed, and when we presented the inducement of tea and the impossibility of getting it without a toilette, she didn't want any tea, and sent us down without her, very much disturbed in spirit, but wisely reserving our excuses for her non-appearance till the last minute.

We found a number of our friends in the drawing-room—Mrs. Dancreid and Maud, Mrs. Norton and her two daughters, Captain Lacy and his sister, Mayne Alton Frank Hazelton, and several others.

Just as everyone was wondering in their hearts if tea would not be served soon, in marched Clem, ready for conquest, too outrancingly lovely and perfectly dressed.

She always dressed like an angel—or a Frenchwoman, which is a much better comparison.

That night she was in black, dense black, from the tip of her train to the ruches that framed her pretty chin and the sleeves that displayed the dimpled wrists.

Her hair was combed up and coiled on top of her head like a great golden snail-shell, and a few loose, bright threads made a curly halo around her face.

Everybody crowded around her, for Clem was a great favorite, and always received an enthusiastic welcome.

"Clem," whispered Maud Dancreid, "now the 'General' has come, I suppose we must fall back; but we are delighted to see you, nevertheless."

One of her many nicknames was the 'General,' given to her at school, because, as someone had said, "she was invincible, and commanded an army of charms;" and the name clung to her even after she had left school for society.

She replied laughingly to Maud's remark, and turned to receive the greetings of Captain Lacy; and it was then that Mr. Brentley entered, and, coming over to Mrs. Vernon, apologized for his tardiness.

As I was standing near, Mrs. Vernon introduced us, and after acknowledging it very gracefully he commenced some polite commonplace about the city and the country, got half-way through, and paused—not a very long pause, but so plainly uncalled for in the middle of a sentence that I looked up surprised; and, following his glance, saw that Clem had turned and raised her beautiful eyes; and for the first time they saw each other.

He finished his remarks composedly, and then Mr. Hazleton, on the other side, claimed my attention.

But I managed, while attending to him, to hear Cyril Brentley say to our hostess—

"Will you tell me who that is with the wonderful golden hair?"

Mrs. Vernon looked amazed, then she laughed.

"My dear Cyril," she said, "have you become ensnared in those golden meshes? That wonderful hair may only be the net of a siren, and you know you abhor a flirt."

"She is no flirt," said Cyril, so decidedly that I turned to look at him and catch Mrs. Vernon's significant amused glance.

"I could not think so were the face less pure and unconscious.

"It is a theory of mine that no one can trifle with all that is holiest in the affections without it leaving the sign 'trifler' upon the face; and by that sign I know the coquette at sight.

"But you have not told me the name," he said.

"No," laughed Mrs. Vernon; "I will introduce you after tea."

After tea I saw her, with Mr. Brentley in close attendance, slowly making her way to where Clem stood, a charming picture against the background of exquisite lace curtains.

She was perfectly conscious they were approaching her, but she had not been through two seasons of hard flirting and any amount of trying situations to appear conscious.

"Clemence," said Mrs. Vernon, her voice trembling with mischief, "Mr. Brentley has requested the honor of an introduction.

"Miss Clemence Darcy—Mr. Cyril Brentley."

The man actually started, but he hurried to acknowledge the introduction.

Clem was making her most graceful bow, and did not notice it.

"Aha, Mr. Brentley!" I thought. "The General's first shot is the explosion of your theory."

But before the evening was over I was convinced that Clem had met her match.

He certainly was fine looking, and brilliant when he chose to talk.

He was not handsome, but beside him many a handsomer man would pale into insignificance, his face was so expressive of power and character, of quiet strength; and I foresaw that my lady Clem would hardly capture that man with her accustomed ease.

She too recognized it, and as I sleepily unlaced my boots in our room that night she rushed in, struck an attitude, and with a flourish of her fan, exclaimed—

"War to the knife, Fan, and no quarter!"

Later she realized it more fully, and with dissatisfaction, that if he was not a general with an army of graceful nothings and killing glances at his command, he was at least commander of himself.

It was evident that he liked her, that he enjoyed and sought her society.

They walked, talked, read and danced together; and everybody was of the opinion that Clem was as sure of that conquest as of all others; but of it the General herself was not sure.

"The immovability of that man is simply distracting," she said to me one day in our room.

Having been accustomed to persons moving at her will only, she naturally rebelled at this phase of character in Mr. Brentley; but, try as she would—and the force she brought to bear was wonderful—she could not surmount it.

She had power to please, but none to displease, or even annoy him.

Do what she would in that direction, he was unmoved, gracefully impenetrable.

Clem became desperate, and flirted with Charlie Marston.

Mr. Brentley, not even deigning to retaliate by a like proceeding—which would have been a slight satisfaction—spent the time in her very presence with apparent indifference to her proceedings, and enjoyment of the society of Mrs. Vernon and auntie.

I could see it was all telling on Clem.

A man against whom she had used in vain her whole battery of charms was an anomaly.

"No woman who is not a saint likes indifference."

And Clem was by no means a saint.

How any man with a vestige of a heart could resist her was to me a wonder.

But though I was almost certain that the quiet of Cyril Brentley's manner was the result of a stern effort of will, the resistance enforced, and that he was human enough to be terribly in love with the winsome little coquette, to all appearances he was endowed with invulnerability.

And Clem?

Considering the fact that it was only a trial of skill, the way it affected her was mysterious.

Although she was outwardly tranquil, although she made no sign, I saw she was possessed by a strong nervous excitement.

She was sleepless.

No fatigue seemed to affect her.

Her pride was in arms.

She had never beaten a retreat in her life—never in all her life been conquered; and she said to me one night, as she stood before the glass with her pretty teeth tight shut—

"Fan, he shall surrender!"

And so it went on until the third day in September.

We had all of us stayed longer than we had at first intended, and Cyril Brentley that morning had announced his departure on the next.

We were all going out on the cliffs for a farewell picnic.

You have seen the cliffs.

They rise straight and tall from the river—most terrible to climb; but the magnificent view from the top repays you.

Clem was indeed a siren that day.

She wore palest green muslin, and flirted desperately.

In the afternoon Cyril Brentley took her away up to the top of the tallest cliff to see the view.

While they were standing looking out at the river she took a step nearer the edge to see over.

"Miss Clem," said Cyril, "it is not safe for you to do that, this cliff overhangs a little, and it may not be all solid ground beneath your feet."

But that afternoon for Clem, "to hear was to disobey," and she danced straight out to the very verge, giving him a saucy look over his shoulder.

The next moment she was in his arms, pale and speechless.

That extreme edge of the cliff upon which she had been standing had been loosened and swept with a rush like a small avalanche into the river below.

Only Cyril Brentley's arm had saved her.

He looked down upon the pale, perfect face lying so close against his shoulder.

The rippling golden hair, which had become loosened, floated around her in silken silken masses, and one fragrant, shining tress floated over his shoulder, touching his cheek.

He held her close, and with a quick, passionate gesture kissed her on the fair, white forehead.

"My right, by the great love I bear you," he murmured.

Some time after, when Mayne Alton and I found them, Clem was sitting upon the ground insisting that she was perfectly able to walk back to the picnic ground, while Mr. Brentley was arguing in the most self-contained of manners that she had better not risk fainting again; and back we went, for she had her own way, and electrified the people, bringing down showers of congratulations and praise upon Mr. Brentley.

Auntie insisted that Clem must be ill, she looked so pale, and she must go home at once.

And as the picnic was getting to be rather a bore, everyone else concluded to go, too; and upon our arrival Clem was taken to her room, kissed and petted, and finally left to me.

She lay with a serene smile on her lips, flushing and paling by turns; and so sweet she looked, I was moved to the unwonted sentimentality of quoting poetry about my own sister.

She looked, I thought, like Tennyson's Adeline—

"Scarce of earth, nor all divine,
Nor unhappy, nor at rest;
Yet beyond expression fair,
With the floating golden hair,
The rose lips and sweet blue eyes!"

and I secretly wondered, too, if being so near death had frightened all of the wickedness out of her.

That evening, while we were sitting in the twilight holding a "Quaker meeting," silent, yet enjoying ourselves, I wondering what was the matter with Clem and what she was thinking of, Mrs. Vernon came in with a message from Mr. Brentley.

"He is in the library, my dear," she said, "and would like to see you. He leaves us in the morning."

Clem rose quietly.

"I will go down," she said.

And down she went in her simple white robes.

The following I learned afterwards by dint of perseveringly questioning two very dear relatives of mine—my brother and sister.

Clem walked into the library, which was dimly lighted (thoughtful Mrs. Vernon!), with perfect certainty of the result.

The nervous restlessness was gone, the uncertainty and doubt.

It was a clear open field to her then; for the first time she was sure she held the vantage.

Cyril arose, and came to meet her.

"Forgive me," she said, with a charming smile; "I forgot you were to leave in the morning.

"I always delude myself till the last moment with the belief that anything pleasant will go for ever.

"But," suddenly changing to sweet solemn gravity, "I did not forget that I owe to you my life, and"—lifting her glorious eyes—"the possibility of pleasure or pain.

"Words are poor!

"I hope you understand that I feel I owe you more than I can ever hope to repay—that anything I could do to lessen the weight of gratitude would gladly be done."

And her eyes were misty with tears.

Cyril's reply was cold, almost stern.

"To whatever of service there was in the act, Miss Darcy, you are perfectly welcome.

"As for myself, I shall be fully repaid in the thought that I have saved so much of beauty from probable disfigurement, though it be to the destruction of many of my brethren.

"May I offer you a chair?"—drawing one directly under the light of the chandelier.

Clem accepted the chair.

There was a faint pink flush over her throat and face, but her eyes were clear and untroubled.

She opened her fan, a wonder of exquisitely-carved sandalwood and lace, and swayed it back and forth with nonchalant grace.

"You may deny me the pleasure of expressing it, but you cannot lessen my feeling of gratitude.

"I suppose I understand what you mean.

"I wonder you allowed so small a consideration as myself to influence you against the great one—the welfare of your brethren.

"I am sorry, though, Mr. Brentley,"—her voice changing effectively,—"that you so utterly despise me.

"I had hoped that you were my friend—that it was not a matter of indifference to you whether I lived or died."

He looked at her from head to foot, so bewitching in her simple white dress and pale blue ribbons, with her dimpled, perfect arms and shoulders showing through the thin material—so glorious in her careless beauty, with the shade of weariness upon her face; and he drew his breath hard.

"Was any man ever your friend, Clemence Darcy?

"Does it ever rest there?

"Do you ever stop before you make them yours, heart, mind, and soul?

"You have been called a 'General,' and you are rightly named; you do command an army of charms.

"This," touching her fan, "is one weapon; your eyes, capable of expressing everything your heart cannot feel; your voice; every feature of your beautiful face; your hands, which win by every curve and dimple—all your glorious beauty forms an armory only for conquest, and you are a 'General,' without mercy!"

Clem was leaning back in her chair, pale but perfectly indifferent.

She toyed with her fan; she did not even look up; and he went on, his voice stern with pain—

"I do care whether you live or die.

"I saved your life to-day because I cared.

"But," drawing his breath hard, "I would rather see you lying lifeless at the foot of those rocks than know that your future will be the one I foresee—that you will live on your life of selfishness and disregard, making men suffer as I know they can suffer with no knowledge of the divine self-sacrifice of loving, though it be hopelessly of being loved in return.

"I would rather you had died as you lay unconscious in my arms."

"I was not wholly unconscious."

The voice came low and clear.

Clem did not look up, but her expression was in a degree triumphant.

"You were not?

"Then you have more of a triumph than I had intended.

"You have honored me by doing battle with me, Miss Darcy, using all your battery of charms; and, though I may be wounded, you will do me the justice to acknowledge it is hardly a victory, since I have not surrendered.

"Good-bye, Clemence.

"Shall we not call it an even battle?"

He held out his hand, but Clem was standing pale and defiant, with her face turned from him.

"You will not?

"Then adieu, Miss Darcy!"

He turned to go, but one word stopped him, and he looked back.

"Wait!"

Down on the floor went the lovely fan, drenched with tears were the eyes that had done such execution, and the voice, sweet, with a quiver of pain in it, said—

"Wait, wait! Oh, Cyril, I surrender!"

Her Little Game.

BY LEAH NORRIS.

OH, Tom, Tom!"

"Eh?" said Tom, starting guiltily, and nearly dropping the rake on the bed of freshly-sown mignonette seed.

"Just think. He is coming in the next steamer."

"He? who? The English cousin?" questioned Tom, stooping to press the rich dark earth about the root of a fragrant rose geranium.

"Yes; my English cousin.

"And I want you to help me about something, Tom.

"I know you can do it, for you are so clever.

Tom leaned on his rake and gazed reflectively at the pretty flushed face of his young mistress.

"Was that meant for a delicate piece of flattery?" he asked, at length.

"Oh, no; I never flatter," averred the girl, with wide-open innocent eyes; "but promise me, Tom."

"Well, I promise," began Tom, cautiously; "but it isn't a case of murder or revenge, is it?"

Miss Nellie tried to coax her lips into a pout of anger, but she could not very well do it when nature had intended them only for smiles, so she seated herself on a low garden seat instead, and proceeded to unfold her scheme.

"You know, Tom," she exclaimed graciously, "my cousin is very aristocratic, and lives in Derbyshire, in a wonderful old house that was built directly after the flood."

"Now, Miss Nellie," expostulated her companion.

But the little lady drew herself up with a gesture of offended dignity.

"If you contradict me, Tom, I won't tell you another word.

"Where was I?

"Oh, yes, at the flood.

"Well, the furniture and all the ornaments date from the time of William the Conqueror.

"Such funny looking things, with spider legs and claw feet.

"They say he does not value anything that is not at least three hundred years old."

"Then he won't care for you," remarked Tom.

But Nellie was looking at the bright bows on her wee bronze slippers, and of course did not hear.

"Now you see the disadvantage of living in a brand-new country.

"We have not a single ancient thing to show.

"Father only remodelled the old farmhouse a year ago.

"There isn't a sign of wear in the carpets; not even a scratch on the wood of the furniture; and no one but my aunt Wilson would have selected the red satin coverings that furnish the parlor 'beautiful.'

"Now varnish and fresh paint everywhere.

"What will he think of us, Tom?"

"It's a terrible situation," responded Tom.

"I haven't even a high-born grandfather to fall back on.

"There is only one hope left."

"Well, what is that?"

"The broken china.

"We will patch it up with cement, and never mind a few falsehoods."

"What?" asked Tom.

"Patch it up with cement, and never mind the truth, as long as we keep our respectability, Tom.

"The old rubbish in the hall closet will answer capitally, and I shan't give my English cousin a chance to look down on me."

One year before Tom Graham had come to be gardener for old Squire Bruce.

Everybody respected Tom, from the testy but warm-hearted old master down to the tousled stable-boy.

"He was so quiet, so respectful," they said, "and understood his business better than any one else in those parts."

So he came to be like one of the family, and with his trained eye and perfect taste caused the grounds to bloom with freshness and beauty.

The old squire, a wealthy retired farmer, had but little idea of caste, so it did not fret him to see his pretty motherless young daughter flitting up and down the garden paths, apparently immersed in the art of flower-growing.

"Tom's a good man, every inch of him," he would chuckle, "but my girl's got high ideas.

"She would never marry a man with red hair and no ancestry.

"Not she."

Upon a high shelf in the old spare closet, where the cobwebs had held riot for many a month, reposed sundry pieces of broken crockery, kept, no one knew why, except to occupy useful room and make a litter.

They had well-nigh made up their stolid minds, these outcasts, to a life-long banishment from the haunts of men, when the door of their dark prison was suddenly opened, and they were lifted down carefully by a pair of soft small hands into the light of the waning afternoon sunshine.

The hands belonged to the young mistress, and their liberator was none other than Nellie herself, radiant in a wonderful blue muslin, trimmed with lace, and frills, and fluttering ribbons.

Tom, who had discarded his working suit in honor of the occasion, looked very well in his black coat and tie, spite of the objectionable red hair, which certainly detracted greatly from his comeliness.

"Now, Tom," said Nelly, with an air of grave importance, and her head turned sideways like a meditative young bird, "we'll begin.

"You do the mending, and I'll invent the stories.

"You had better note them down too, as my memory is poor, and I might forget them, you see."

"All right," answered the accommodating Tom, arming himself with cement bottle and brushes.

"Now here is an old mug that was left behind by a discharged stableman when I was a child.

"That was a long time ago, Tom; I didn't wear my hair up then.

"He used to drink beer out of the old thing, and sometimes he would get intoxicated and frighten me terribly.

Nellie shivered a little, as if the recollection was too much for her, but continued her story valiantly—

"Now, just put a king in place of the stableman, give it the required age, and have it brought over by an old ancestor, and it will be just the thing.

"Put in the piece of the nose gently, Tom, and be sure and let the crack show in the handle."

"No. 1. Ancient beer mug," wrote Tom.

"Age unknown.

"Supposed to be the property of Richard III.

"Brought over by an old ancestor."

Nellie looked and laughed in delight.

"One wouldn't think it was so grand to be old," she remarked confidentially.

"Now here is a little blue cup and saucer, the sole remnants of a set belonging to Aunt Wilson.

"It's quaint enough to be a hundred years old, and we will say it belongs to Lady—Lady——"

"Stanley," suggested Tom.

"Why," exclaimed Nellie, "that is the name of my cousin's mother.

"Where did you hear it?"

"Guessed it," answered Tom, looking very hard at the delicate blue tracery on the cup.

"It is not such a very extraordinary name.

"Now that's a pretty thing over there—that little pink spray on the pale ground; and, for a wonder, it's whole, too."

The sudden tears sprang into Nellie's eyes, and she put the little relic aside, saying simply—

"It was my mother's.

"I missed it a year ago, and wondered what had become of it."

Tom noted the tears with sudden dismay, and remarked, by way of diversion—

"What kind of a looking fellow is your cousin?"

Nellie's tears dried like magic.

"Oh, my father said he was splendid-looking as a boy, with the loveliest curly black hair and dark eyes. I just adore black hair."

She cast a rueful glance at her companion's red locks; but Tom knew nothing of the glance, and went on mending the "ancient" china as if his life depended on it.

Nellie could never be silent for two consecutive minutes.

"What a pity, Tom, that I have such an old-fashioned name.

"If it were only Geraldine, or Maude, or Ethel, or anything but plain Nellie.

"Do you think it sounds very bad, Tom?"

"No," responded that individual, carefully inserting a piece in the neck of a cream-pitcher that was to figure as the property of some deceased gentlewoman, whose aristocratic bones had long since become part and parcel of mother earth; "I like it."

It required the aid of a lamp to finish the work, and the broken bits were all joined, the catalogue made out, and the *debris* swept into a little heap.

But still Tom did not go.

There was a shadow on his face and a look in his eyes that had never before dwelt there.

"Miss Nellie," he ventured at last, "I am going away."

Nellie had taken up the little cup of her mother's, but she let it fall back on the table and thence to the floor, where the poor little pink sprays lay in ruins.

"Going away?" she repeated slowly. "Why?"

Tom's voice was very low when he answered, but so distinct that she could hear every word.

"I am going because it is impossible for me to remain.

"I came here to watch over the flowers, and for awhile my mind was content, for I loved them.

"But one time there wandered into my garden a beautiful human flower that I studied at first in idle curiosity.

"Its ways bewildered me; its hues dazzled me.

"Finally, of all the blossoms, I grew to love this one, and this one only; but in my love I reasoned—

"How can I transplant this delicate flower from the sunshine of prosperity to the gloom and horror of poverty?

"Its poor head would droop, and its sweet life die out; so I will leave it to one who can give it richer soil and a purer atmosphere, even though the task be harder than I can bear.'

"That is why I go, my child."

Was this her father's gardener talking?

Nellie looked up at him in silent bewilderment, and for once forgot the use of her mother's tongue.

"I thought it best to tell you this," he concluded, "that you might think of me sometimes; and I beg of you to thank your father for all his kindness."

"But you will come and see us sometimes?"

He took the little pink fingers for a moment in his own, and Nellie wondered that she had never noticed before what shapely ones his were, spite of the brown acquired from constant contact with the soil.

"Yes, I will come back some day if you think you will care to see me. Until then—farewell."

Squire Bruce, coming in from a walk over his well-tilled grounds, found his young daughter in tears.

"Bless my soul, what the matter?" he asked, in alarm.

"Hetty has been saucy?"

Nellie was silent.

"Then Hetty shall go."

"Oh, no!

"I don't mind Hetty.

"I slipped off Snowflake, and I guess I hit my foot."

"Well, if Snowflake's getting wild, I'll sell him."

"Oh, please don't! I couldn't live without my horse."

"Look here!"—the squire's voice was as stern as he could make it—"don't beat around the bush, but tell me the truth, my girl."

Nellie's tears ended in a miserable little sob—

"Tom's gone."

"Phew!" whistled the squire, plunging both hands into his coat pockets, and striking out to the porch in blank amazement.

"I shouldn't wonder if she had taken a liking to the fellow after all, in spite of his red hair and want of ancestry.

"That's just like a woman."

One week later as the steamer "Gallia" gained the dock, after her long ocean voyage, and Squire Bruce was seen on the wharf, swaying with the crowd, and wiping his bald head distractedly, a stranger sauntered slowly up the path to the porch, where Miss Nellie made a charming picture reading among the vines and flowers.

"Have I the honor of addressing Miss Bruce?" he inquired politely.

Miss Bruce's quick eyes noted the newcomer's aristocratic garb and closely-curling black locks.

"You are my English cousin?" she ventured.

"I have the honor of claiming that relationship," he replied.

And for want of something better Nellie said—

"Sit down."

He sat down and scanned her coolly.

"He is very rude," thought the fair one uneasily.

"I hope he won't stay long.

"He is the first man I could never look in the face.

"Oh dear!

"I must say something."

Aloud—

"You must find it very strange coming from a country where the institutions and customs are so ancient to one—to one that is so—so recently settled?"

"Not at all," responded the stranger coolly.

"On the contrary, I admire with all my heart the rapid growth of this new republic.

"It is a mistake to suppose that Englishmen revere nothing that has not the flavor of three centuries of mould and decay."

Nellie opened her rosebud mouth in surprise.

"Just my words," she thought. "How queer!"

"There is one thing that all men should love even before home and country—the truth.

"Any departure from it is so obnoxious to me that I could not dwell under the same roof with one who willingly violated its sacred precepts."

He spoke severely, and Nellie quaked inwardly as she though of the fraudulent china, and the terrible falsehoods she contemplated telling.

The porch was growing warm and sunny, so the little hostess invited her newly-arrived relative into the shady parlor, where the half-twilight hid the red satin furniture and brand-new carpets.

Did a smile of pity cross his lips as he stepped over the threshold, or was it only her imagination?

Now was the time.

He should never look down on her.

Assuming an air of superb indifference, she reached out and picked up the dilapidated beer mug with the cracked nose and handle.

"We have some curiosities in our country," she expatiated.

"This is a cup that Richard III. was supposed to have used.

"Quaint style, you see."

"Indeed? Yes."

Her companion examined the mug curiously.

"His is a character that I utterly abhor.

"A king who could so far forget his royal breeding as to dwell in a stable, and frighten little girls by becoming intoxicated, should be banished from the pages of history.

Nellie turned then and looked straight at the Englishman.

Her cheeks were very white.

"I have seen you before," she asserted.

"I have heard your voice."

For answer, the other deliberately took a very red wig out of his portmanteau, and put it on his head.

"Oh, Tom!" gasped Nellie, and fainted dead away on the red satin sofa.

"Bless my soul!" burst out Squire Bruce delightedly, when on his arrival he heard the story. "Why did you do it, my boy?"

"I wanted to see what kind of flowers grew in American gardens," answered the imperturbable Englishman, "and how could I judge in a better way.

"I crossed the ocean in search of a treasure, a sweeter blossom than my own country produced, and now that I have found it, I shall complete my victory by transferring it, as speedily as possible, to English soil."

"And you will never tease me about the china," pleaded Nellie, "or read me sermons on the beauty of truth."

"Never," protested Tom solemnly; but if he kept his word it is more than most men would have done under the circumstances.

FAMOUS SWORDS.—We all have heard of King Arthur's famous sword "Excalibur," and of the sword of Edward the Confessor, which was called "Curtana," the cutter, although we are told it was not very sharp. But even before the days of chivalry, the favorite swords of warriors bore titles and names. The sword of Julius Cæsar was called "Crocea Mors"—"yellow death;" and the four blades used by Mohammed were called "the Trenchant," "the Beater," "the Keen," "Deadly." The sword of Charlemagne, called "Joyeuse," is famous in story.

Would Have Been in the Grave.

A lady in Tecumseh, Neb., writing to Drs. Starkey & Palen, says: "I wish to thank you for receiving so much benefit from your Compound Oxygen. Only for this I would be in the grave. I could not sleep; had no rest; was really bordering on insanity. I was alarmed. Now I sit up until ten o'clock, and enjoy music and company. My daughter is recovering her voice. Will continue Oxygen. May Heaven's choicest blessings rest on you and yours."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ABOUT THE STAGE.

IT was not Shakspeare's Romeo that electrified a Western audience with: Soft! what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet has a sun!

Nor was a dramatist responsible for the stage-lover telling the object of his affections: 'In the past, you have shared my adversity; and it is my sincere desire that you may in the future share my posterity.'

An actor of no great account, except in his own estimation, found his way upon the stage just after the final morning rehearsal of a pantomime, the first scene of which had been set again ready for the evening performance.

Heavy with over-imbibing of beer, he tumbled into a friendly bunk, as he supposed, and was soon fast asleep. Night came.

The curtain rose upon a tomb, to which, after a little while, the pantomime hero advanced for the purpose of breathing out his life.

As he threw himself upon the tomb, it changed into a downy couch, and then he suddenly found himself struggling with a big man.

The two rolled towards the footlights, kicking their hardest; but stopping in time, they disentangled themselves, and the half-sobered intruder on the scene, quoting from Shakspeare, at the top of his voice, 'Give me another horse! Bind up me wounds! Have mercy, heavins!' brought down the house as he had never done before, or was likely to do again.

A practical joke was once played by two mischievous scamps attached to the Bowery Theatre.

A grand spectacular play was in preparation, in which two hundred supers arrayed as Chinamen were to be discovered on a slope, extending up to the painting-room, situated at the rear end of the building, at a height about level with the top of the proscenium arch.

Rummaging the painting-room, the property-boy came upon an old wicker elephant; and confiding his discovery to another boy in the establishment, proposed to get some fun out of the supers by rolling the elephant down the slope upon them.

Upon the first night of the grand spectacle, the young rascals crept into the painting-room.

Presently, up went the curtain, discovering the whole of the stage, the mock-Chinamen covering the slope.

Suddenly a monster elephant came sliding, rolling, and tumbling down the incline in a cloud of dust.

Supers were crushed under its mighty weight; supers were knocked off their feet, and sent rolling to the stage; supers, scared out of their wits, fled the scene.

The panic was over in a few minutes, but was terrible enough while it lasted; and although they hardly deserve such luck, its authors escaped unsuspected, the catastrophe being attributed to the breaking of the ropes by which, for years, the elephant had been suspended.

At the beginning of his theatrical career, Florence, the comedian, played 'general utility' at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, then under the management of Brougham. Among the new pieces produced by that gentleman was one that created no little sensation at its first representation. It was called *A Row at the Lyceum Theatre, or Greenroom Secrets.*

Each member of the company appeared on the stage as himself or herself, wearing everyday costume, and the scene was the greenroom of the theatre.

The performance was exceedingly realistic, and went off capitally until the entrance of Miss Buggins, a debutante who, as previously arranged, after looking over the part allotted to her, objected to the 'business,' and insisted upon having something more tragic.

While she was making matters disagreeable on the stage, a stout, middle-aged man, dressed in Quaker garb, rose in the centre of the stalls, and exclaimed—

'That woman looks for all the world like Clementina! Her voice is very like; the form is the same! After a pause, he added—

'It is my wife;' and rushed toward the footlights, shouting—

'Come off the stage, you miserable woman!'

The audience, at first amused, grew angry, and cries of—

'Put him out!' 'Sit down!' 'Police!' rang through the house.

Up in the third tier, visible to all, was a red-shirted fireman, who loudly threatened he would give 'Old Broadbrim' a sound thrashing if he attempted to lay a hand on the young woman; and was presently seen rushing down-stairs to carry his threat into execution.

The house was in an uproar; ladies tried to escape from the theatre, while gentlemen vainly endeavored to restore order.

At last the irate husband clambered over the orchestra, the fireman close behind him, to be seized by a couple of police-officers, and dragged upon the stage.

When there, they were made to face the house; and immediately the regulation semicircle was formed, the rhymed 'tag' spoken, and the curtain dropped, almost before the bewildered audience recognized in the indignant husband, Mr. Brougham himself; in the recovered wife, Mrs. Brougham; in the red-shirted defender of the young woman, Mr. W. J. Florence; and to realize the fact that the whole scene had been previously rehearsed, and that they had been very cleverly hoaxed.

—WAR. WAR.—

WAR ON THE WASH-BOILER. WAR ON FILTHY FUMES OF STEAM.

A GOD-SEND TO OVERWORKED HOUSEKEEPERS and SERVANT-GIRLS.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS HAS ATTENDED THE INTRODUCTION OF

The Frank Siddalls Soap

IT HAS MADE A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES.

IT HAS BEEN DECLARED by EDITORS and HOUSEKEEPERS to be one of the MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES of our Time,

And the "POST" now has the pleasure of telling its readers about its being a Labor-saving Invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to over-worked women and servant-girls. It is as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor. *The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes* is better and easier than the old way, and it will answer both for the finest laces and garments and the coarser clothing of the laboring-classes. It is a cheap Soap to use; and a few minutes' time on the part of a Housekeeper of ordinary intelligence is all that is necessary to show the washwoman how to use it, and every Housekeeper should *insist on* being used *one time* EXACTLY BY THE DIRECTIONS.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP and THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF REFINEMENT.

A person of Refinement will be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF INTELLIGENCE.

A person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in following directions which are so easy that a child could understand them.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF HONOR.

A person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to send for an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

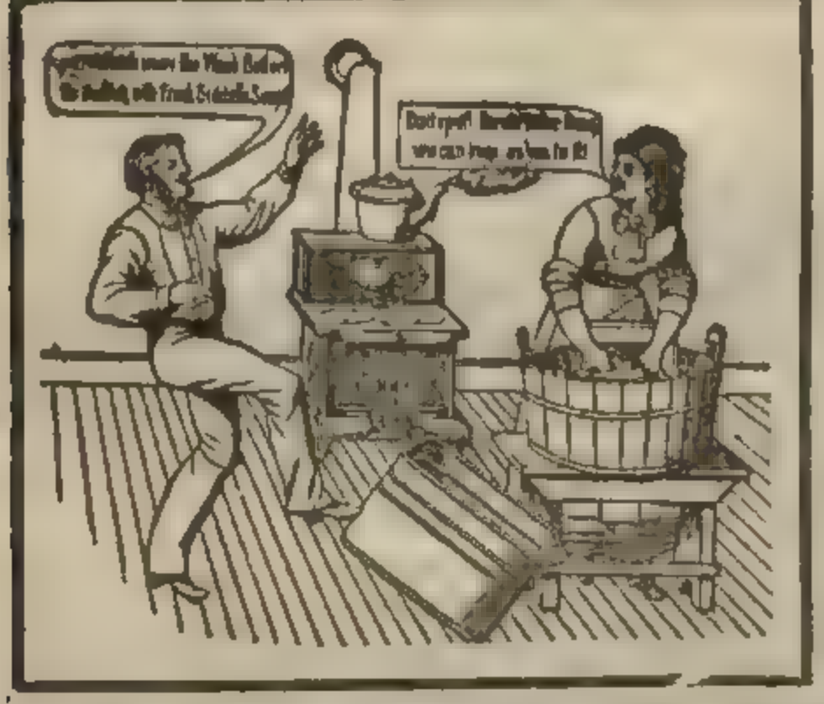
HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE PERSON.

A sensible person will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

JUST THINK! NO STEAM TO SPOIL THE FURNITURE AND WALL-PAPER!

DONT FORGET TO TRY THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP FOR THE TOILET, THE BATH, AND FOR SHAVING. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant, and infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores, which other soap often causes. EVEN A PERSON OF ORDINARY INTELLIGENCE WILL KNOW FOR CERTAIN that the long-continued use of a Soap that is excellent for washing children CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE MOST DELICATE ARTICLE WASHED WITH IT, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

☞ And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any humbug about it. ☜



HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY, where it is not Sold at the Stores.

Make your Promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

1st.—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps.
2d.—Say in her letter she saw the advertisement in the "POST"
3d.—Promise that the Soap shall be used THE FIRST WASH-DAY after she gets it; that it shall be used ON THE WHOLE WASH, and that ALL THE DIRECTIONS, even the most trifling, shall be followed.

Those who send for a Cake must NOT send for any for their friends. Let each family who want the Soap send for themselves.

Now by return mail a full-size 10-cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage-stamps have to be put on. This is done because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen out to sell to the Stores.

Of course, only one Cake will be sent to each person, but after trying it the Stores will then send for it to accommodate you, if you want it.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS IMPROVED WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

EASY AND LADYLIKE; SENSIBLE PERSONS FOLLOW THESE RULES EXACTLY, OR DONT BUY THE SOAP.

The Soap washes freely in Hard Water. Dont use Soda or Lye. Dont use Borax or Ammonia. Dont use any thing but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. It answers for the Finest Laces, Calico, Lawns, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for soiled clothing of Butchers, Blacksmiths, Mill Hands and Farmers.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. *Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.* A wash-boiler standing unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in the Soap. Wash the white flannels with the other white pieces.

The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour, *and let the Soap do its work.*

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the washboard, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds. Any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows:—Wash each piece lightly on the washboard through the rinse-water, (without using any more Soap,) and see that all the dirty suds are got out. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

NEXT the blue-water, which can either be lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any blueing, for this Soap takes the place of blueing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until it gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

Always make the blue-water soapy, *and the less blueing the better.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet indoors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. *Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces.*

☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement, and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, No. 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

ROSIE'S UMBRELLA.

BY H. J. B.

"COME, Rosie, let us go and gather primroses," May Lee said one bright, sunny, spring morning.

"I'm sure there will be lots in the woods down by the brook to-day; and mother said she wanted some flowers to put in the vases to-night."

Rosie laid down her book, and went to the window to look out.

It was very bright and clear, with a beautiful blue sky overhead all dotted with soft, fleecy white clouds, but the trees were tossing their branches about, and pieces of straw were whirling down the quiet country road as if they enjoyed the fun, for there was a fresh breeze blowing.

But May and Rosie did not mind that in the least, and tying their hats they prepared for a good scamper down the lane to the woody valley by the brook, where the finest primroses grew, and great yellow daffodils, and purple and white pansies, delicate wood sorrel, and fragrant blue-bells.

"I think it will rain, May," Rosie said, lingering a moment in the hall as she passed out.

"Let's take an umbrella."

May lingered too; she thought an umbrella would be very nice, but there was only one in the stand, and that was mother's, which they were both forbidden to touch.

"Run and ask mother if we can have it," May said, after hunting in vain for another one; and Rosie ran upstairs and downstairs and returned breathless.

"I can't find her anywhere, May.

"Perhaps she's gone out and has taken ours?" and then she took up the one in the stand and ran off with it.

Rosie and May were not disobedient children, but there was nothing they liked so much as an umbrella when they went out.

Wet or fine it did not matter, Rosie loved to walk up and down, holding it over her head, and many an hour she and May sat in the nursery with a big brown gingham umbrella open over their heads, learning their lessons or nursing their dolls, which they fancied enjoyed it just as much as they did.

But mother's umbrella was a very different matter.

It was of silk instead of gingham, and had a beautifully-carved ivory handle, and both the children knew they ought not to touch it.

"We must be very careful," May whispered as they went along, "and not drop it or soil it."

And very carefully she held it up from the ground.

Then, when they reached the turning from the road to the green bank that sloped down to the brook, and in bordered with trees on the other side, they found a dry mossy spot at the foot of a tree, and placed the umbrella, very tenderly open, and began to gather the flowers that grew in such profusion, and so with pockets and hands full they at last thought they had enough treasure, and they sat down to rest.

It was a beautiful spot, that mossy shady bank, with its soft green carpet all dotted with blue, and pink, and gold, great waving branches spread over their heads, their arms overhead, and the little brook babbling along right merrily; and May declared she could hear it repeat the pretty verses in her lesson-book:

"I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

Rosie listened intently, but she could not catch the words, though the brook was certainly saying something, and then, having as many flowers as they could carry, they both thought it was time to return home.

As soon as they got from under the shelter of the trees they saw it was beginning to rain; great drops fell slowly at first, then faster and faster, dark clouds obscured the sun, and chased across the sky, and a sharp cold wind made the children shiver.

"How fortunate that we brought the umbrella," May said, as she opened it carefully and stood with Rosie under the shelter of a great gnarled old tree, which was only just beginning to understand that it was spring, and time to put on its pretty green nature.

"I don't think mother will be angry now.

"Just look how it rains, Rosie."

Rosie shivered, and pressed closer to her sister.

She didn't like to see the water pouring off mother's umbrella; it would be much nicer only to have used it in the sunshine.

However, as May said, they would certainly have got very wet without it, and so they tried to make excuses to themselves for their disobedience.

Presently the clouds began to break, the blue sky peeped out again, and the rain only fell in large drops, and May and Rosie set off homewards again.

But just as they turned out of the lane into the road, puff came a sudden gust of wind and away went the umbrella out of May's hand, spinning along at such a pace.

For a minute they stood still in amazement and dismay, watching it turn over and over, now rising a little off the ground, then resting on its side as if to take breath, then starting off again.

Presently they started after it, but though they ran as quickly as ever they could, there did not seem to be much chance of their overtaking it.

Suddenly the road turned sharply round, and in another moment the umbrella was blown over a low bank into the brook that ran by there, and they saw it sailing gracefully down the stream!

"Oh! what shall we do?" May cried, and Rosie burst into tears.

"May, May! mother's umbrella will be drowned!"

May was very much inclined to cry too, but that would be of no use; so she took Rosie by the hand, looking for some one to help her.

Presently she saw an old man at work with a hook, cutting some shrubs and ferns, and she called to him eagerly.

"Please, please, can you get us the umbrella?"

The old man looked up from his work, and saw the runaway umbrella sailing down the little brook, so he just leaned forward and caught the handle with his hook.

Then he handed it to May.

"Thank you so much!" she said politely. "I am very much obliged to you."

"You shall have my flowers," Rosie cried holding out the great bunch she held in her hand.

"Here, please take them; it was good of you to save mother's umbrella!" and she looked up towards him as if she could have kissed the old man.

"Thank you, little miss," he said, with a pleasant smile; "it's very kind of you to give me your posy.

"You see I'm an old man, and my back and knees are too stiff to gather the pretty things, but I like them very much, and I'll put them in a jar of water in my window, and often think of the bright little lassie that gave them, if she will tell me her name."

"I'm Rosie Lee, and this is my sister. We live at Woodbine Cottage."

"Woodbine Cottage, why, that's a goodish distance off.

"The umbrella has led you a pretty chase my dears, and I daresay you're tired and hungry too.

"Well, come to my cottage and I'll give you each a piece of bread and a cup of milk.

"But you must not stop to gather more posies, else some one at home will be getting anxious."

May and Rosie promised they would not stay a moment, much as they wanted some more flowers for mother, and after they had each had a cup of nice milk, and a piece of bread, they started off.

The old man's dame saw them coming, carrying her great bunches of flowers, as she poured them out of a jar of water in the window, and he seemed so pleased that she felt quite glad she had given them to him.

When they reached home dinner was over, and their father just setting out to look for them.

"Now, my dears, you see the result of your disobedience," Mr. Lee said, when he heard the whole story.

"You've spoiled the umbrella, lost your flowers, missed your dinner, been frightened yourselves, and caused us a great deal of anxiety, all because you did not do as you were told."

May and Rosie promised humbly to be more obedient in future, and never to interfere again with Mother's Umbrella.

THE BRAVE WIDOW.

By A. G. O.

EVERYONE in Scotland who had heard his name was in terror of the robber, Red Macdonald.

There were many men who lived by pillage and plunder in those days, but none were so greatly feared as he.

None had robbed so many, and killed so many of those he robbed.

He had a band of followers, and, with a dozen of these, never had to take a party to be met upon the unprotected roads, and rob, spoil them of all they had of value.

He would enter a house at night, bind its inhabitants, and mock them as he feasted, with his men, on the contents of their larders and cellars, and ride coolly away after a while with the plunder in the sacks that hung over their saddles.

They were well known, but none dared to bring them to justice, and when they appeared in public for they were not afraid, they were captors of darker deeds than ever.

However, there lived near a very unfortunate farmer, a certain strong-hearted and very strong-minded old lady, named Mrs. Margaret Lorimore, the Widow Lorimore.

She had taken upon herself, upon her husband's death, all the duties of the farm.

She paid her laborers well, and gave the greatest attention to all, and she was now sixty years old, but as hale and vigorous as though she had been forty.

Her daughters being married and away, and her sons at the wars, there were always wars in Scotland in those days, she lived quite alone in her farmhouse.

But when Macdonald's dreadful name was uttered, and his deeds discussed, the old dame used to come in, her lips firmly closed, her bushy brows down over her eyes, and cry, "Out upon the cowards! If I'd been a man, Red Macdonald would be hanged ere now!

"Let him come to me, and I'll show him how he should be met, and, mole, I have enjoyed my life, I go to the King, and demand his head!

"Afraid of a robber! I blush to think of it!"

That was the sense of what she said, though if I could write down the words she spoke as she pronounced them, none of our readers would be likely to know what they meant.

People laughed a little at the old woman's boast, and declared she would change her tune if Red Macdonald ever really came to the farm.

It was one bleak Saturday night in winter.

The widow had called the maids and the men into the house-place, had given them all their supper of porridge and buttermilk, and had paid their quarterly wages; reprimanded some, commended others, and laid out her plans for the next week's work.

Then she had retired to bed, having seen that all the bars and bolts were right for the night.

In the corner of her room was a big, carved oak chest, in which she kept her money, some silver cups and candlesticks, her best garments, some Sassenach ornaments, and a splendid pair of bagpipes, and, in fact, her most precious belongings.

The widow, who never had had dyspepsia or "nerves" in her life, went to sleep as soon as her head touched the pillow, and must have slept some hours, when a noise in the house, as of a door burst open, awakened her.

She sprang out of bed on the instant, seized her husband's sword that hung over the fireplace, and instantly stood guard over the chest.

"If it's Red Macdonald at last, he shall have a hard time of it before he takes my savings," she said to herself.

And the next instant the door of her room was dashed open, and the red-bearded giant stood before her, with his wicked band behind him.

He roared with laughter as he saw the old woman in her long night-robes, and with the white "mutch" on her head, flourishing the sword; but she cried out to him, "Ware Red Macdonald!

"Out of my house if you value your life!" and laid about her so fiercely, that three men were wounded before she was disarmed.

At last, bound to her bed-post, she watched them plunder her great chest, and put into their sacks the treasures she had collected during a long lifetime, but not in trembling silence.

Her tongue never rested.

"Robbers! thieves! knaves!" she called them; "cowards and brutes!"

And at every moment she uttered the threat, "Oh, Red Macdonald, you'll remember this day.

"I'll go to the King with my tale of thee, and thou shalt be hanged at last as thou deservest; hanged high. Remember that, Red Macdonald! Remember that!"

Macdonald only answered by jeers and curses, but at last, goaded into a terrific rage, he cried out to her, "Wilt thou no? Then, that thou mayest better perform thy journey, I'll give thee a pair of new shoon."

And calling one of his men, who was a smith, he ordered him bring two red horse-shoes that he had got in a fire, and shoe the woman with them, and shortly were the red-hot shoes borne, and the great nails driven into her feet.

"Now away to the King's dwelling as fast as thou canst go, I counsel," said he, "and thou wilt be the first guest at it now."

And as a little while more she heard the robbers driving the cattle from the sheds, and riding away with the spoil they had taken.

Once sure that the band was out of the way, the terrified servants crept into the room, and shrieked with horror at the sight they saw, but the old woman never flinched.

"Cease your noise," she cried, "and bring me a wagon, and put me within it; and if there is no horse left, wheel me in it yourselves to the King.

"He shall see Red Macdonald's work. He shall hang him high as Haman for the good of the land, or I'll curse him, royal though he be!"

The men obeyed, and in the gray dawn the wagon rumbled over the road.

The old woman held a flask of wine in her hands, which she tasted now and again to keep herself from fainting; and when she came to the King's dwelling she lifted up her voice, and called upon him.

"James, King of Scotland!" she cried, "come forth, and see what vengeance has come to me, and hear what you shall hear!"

King though he was, James obeyed.

He listened to the widow's tale.

Often before had he heard of Red Macdonald's deeds; but robbers were considered rather an unpleasant necessity in those days.

Now, however, his wrath arose.

He promised the Widow Lorimore that the man should be punished as well as he could, and, by way of comfort to her, gave her what help he could.

She was a brave old woman, and bore what was to be done well, and recovered in time; but meanwhile, the Macdonald and twelve of his men were taken and brought to prison, and sentenced to have their feet shod with iron shoes, red-hot, and so be carried about the city three days before they were put to death.

All this was done.

Red Macdonald was beheaded, and his twelve men were hanged, and a fourteen days' feasting and rejoicing took place in the brave widow's honor in every castle, and after that she lived peacefully and happily on her farm in Scotland.

And it is said that in the year 1411, when James the First was King of Scotland.

THE CAT IN HISTORY.

THE new number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, tells us a few things about the cat.

It remarks that the chariot of the Goddess Freya, "the Teutonic Venus," was drawn by cats.

It is not easy to see how Freya's car came to be drawn by cats if cats were not introduced into Europe in the Middle Ages, by which time Freya had ceased to be adored. Probably Freya's were the fierce, brindled wild cats, which 40 years ago were common enough in the West Highlands.

This wild cat was hunted and even eaten by the dwellers in the Swiss lake cities in the age of stone.

Africa further south, is the cradle of the cat as a domesticated animal.

The Egyptian wild fowl hunter in the monuments takes his cat with him in his boat, and the cat acted as a retriever.

Cats, as a rule, dislike cold water, but they are fond of fish, and there used to be a cat which would dive after a trout and seize them even in deep pools.

All the world knows through Herodotus how the Egyptians revered the cat, though, indeed, there was scarcely any animal which some of them did not ignorantly worship.

To slay an Egyptian voluntarily slew a sacred animal death was his punishment.

Yet the Egyptians had probably a still higher respect for dogs.

When a cat died in a house the people shaved their eyebrows, but when a dog died they shaved the whole head and all the body.

Dead cats were embalmed and buried in the city of Bubastis, the sacred city of Bast, or Pasht, the divine cat.

The Egyptians still respect cats, and in Cairo serve up a copious banquet every day to the cats of each quarter "in the court of the house of the Cadi."

In one of the picture galleries was lately exhibited a study of cats on a pilgrimage in Egypt; they had a camel all to themselves under the direction of an old pilgrim, and were perched most comfortably on the animal's shoulder.

The late introduction of domesticated cats among Semitic peoples seems to be proved by the absence of cats in the Bible.

The Assyrians and the Babylonians are said to have been equally ignorant of this animal.

There appear to be no Greek or Roman pictures or other representations of the man or "mew cat," of the Egyptians. Perhaps one exception should be made.

An archæologist mentions a Roman tombstone, that of Calpurnia Felicula (pussy) on which a cat was engraved; but the monument is lost, and its date was post-Christian. Orelli thinks that felicula (little cat or kitten) is a late name for women.

The Sanskrit names of the cat mean "the animal of the house," "the house-wolf," "the rat-eater," "the enemy of mice." The name of the wild cat in many languages seems to be related to our puss.

Cats play a considerable part in folk-lore, and no wonder.

Their ways are mysterious and uncanny: they appear and disappear unexpectedly; they haunt the paths of the night, and they are the only friends of old women with a reputation for witchcraft.

In Ireland it is considered highly unlucky for a family to take with them a cat when they are removing, more especially, too, when they have to cross a river.

In the northeast of Scotland, if a cow or other domestic animal was seized with disease, one mode of cure was to twist a rope of straw the contrary way, join the two ends, and put the diseased animal through the loop along with a cat.

By this means the disease was supposed to be transferred to the cat, and the animal's life was so saved by the cat dying.

This, of course, was only of the extensive charms of which the leading idea was that of substitution.

A remedy for erysipelas, lately practiced in the Northwest Highlands, consisted in cutting off on behalf of the ear of a cat, and letting the blood drop on the part affected. Alluding, moreover, to the numerous items of folk-lore in connection with the cat there is a popular notion that a May cat—a cat born in the month of May—is of no use for catching rats and mice, but exerts an injurious influence on the house through bringing into it disagreeable reptiles of various kinds.

A May cat is supposed to be inclined to melancholy, and to be much addicted to eating snakes and bringing them into the house.

In Huntingdonshire there is a common saying that "a May kitten makes a dirty cat."

This supposed ill luck attaching to a cat born in the month of May is no doubt founded on the old notion that a May was an unfortunate season for births of any kind.

According to a curious notion, still extensively credited by North-country peasantry boys are supposed to bring not only good luck, but also powers—in illustration of which we may quote a well-known rhyme on the subject:

Whenever the cat o' the house is black,
Poor sweethearts' lovers will have no luck.

It is considered unlucky to dream of a cat, a piece of folk-lore prevalent in Germany, as well as in Scotland. To dream of a black cat at Christmas, it is an omen of some alarming illness during the following year. Equally unlucky, too, is it for a cat to sneeze, as it is not long supposed to indicate that family will have colds.

Thus, Swainson, even the most favored cat, if it is not to be unnecessarily shut out of doors, for she and she alone is to open the street door to the bride and the bridegroom.

Grains of Gold.

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face.

Perseverance is the best school for manly virtue.

Without the rich heart, wealth is an ugly beggar.

It is the sunshine itself that makes every shadow.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

That man lives twice who lives the first life well.

Wisdom is to the soul what health is to the body.

Children have more need of models than of critics.

The dignity of truth is lost with much protesting.

To see what is right and not do it, is want of courage.

Discouragement is not a fruit of humility but of pride.

The wise man never makes the same blunder twice.

Too much economy in youth begets avarice in old age.

Grief counts the seconds; happiness forgets the hours.

Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds.

Keep clear of the man who does not value his own character.

It often seems more difficult to preserve a blessing than to obtain it.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

Borrowing money is a bad habit; and borrowing trouble is no better.

Jealousy is the sentiment of property; but envy is the instinct of theft.

He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent a day of sorrow.

Censure is like the lightning, which strikes the highest mountains.

As fire is discovered by its own light, so is virtue by its own excellence.

Do but half of what you can, and you will be surprised at your diligence.

Gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation, and not to be found among gross people.

Many preserve themselves by humbling themselves; the bullet flies over him that stoops.

Let your inclination be to those who advise rather than to those who praise your conduct.

Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find that you are better off than you fancied.

The power of a man's virtue should not be measured by his special efforts, but by his ordinary doing.

We learn to climb by keeping our eyes, not on the valleys that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us.

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

Soft words may appease an angry man—bitter words never will. Would you throw fuel on a house in flames in order to extinguish the fire?

The mind of man is improved by learning and reflection; it is always searching into or doing something, and is led forward by the pleasurable enjoyment of the eye and the ear.

Learn to be pleased with everything—with wealth, so far as it makes us beneficial to others; with poverty, for not having much to care for, and with obscurity, for being unenvied.

Rejoice not when thine enemy faileth, and let not thy heart be glad when he stumbleth. A benevolent eye, humility of spirit, and a mind free from pride characterise the true disciples.

A man who will can go anywhere, and do what he determines to do. We must make ourselves, or come to nothing. We must swim off, and not wait for anyone to put cork under us.

By one's self is evil done, and by one's self one suffers. By one's self evil is left undone, and by one's self one is purified. Purity and impurity belongs to one's self. No one can purify another.

When you have learned how to live well, you will know how to die well. Be not sorry if men do not know you, but be sorry if you are ignorant of men. Not to correct our faults is to commit new ones.

The firmest and noblest ground on which people can live is truth; the rest with the real; a ground on which nothing is assumed, but where they speak, think and do what they must, because they are so and not otherwise.

There is a vast difference between suffering for purposes of development and discipline, and suffering as the result of evil doing—all the difference between the shower which drops blessings, and the storm-cloud black with thunder and tempest.

A man may have a thousand acquaintances, and not one friend amongst them. It is better to live on a little than to outlive a great deal. By other's faults wise men correct their own. We should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present.

An ideal home must first have a government, but love must be the dictator. All the members should unite to make home happy. We should have light in our homes—Heaven's own pure, transparent light. It matters not whether home is clothed in blue and purple, if it is only brimful of love, smiles, and gladness.

Femininities.

When is a girl like a music book? When she is full of airs.

A Camden man calls his wife Crystal, because she is always on the watch.

Kitty Smith, of Westfield, N. Y., died of blood-poisoning, caused, the doctor said, by tight shoes.

If you have a scolding wife, trust to time: old age may bring you the blessing of deafness.

"Man proposes—woman opposes," says a cynical bachelor, who probably never proposed in his life.

What did the young lady mean when she said, "You may be too late for the train, but you can take a bus?"

A husband in a divorce suit recently testified that he had to throw sugar on his wife to sweeten her temper.

The latest æsthetic slang when ladies reprove their admiring gentlemen friends is: "You flatter too awfully much."

A Canadian widow lately achieved local notoriety by marrying her daughter's widower eleven weeks after the death of her husband.

President Grevy's wife was a laundress before her marriage. She has always been credited with keeping both his linen and his honor white.

The kind of strong-minded women to whom all men kneel in adoration, is the wifely, motherly woman who insists on making her home happy.

There is said to be a fellow in a Western village who is habitually so sleepy that his curiosity cannot be awakened. Such, however, is not the case with his wife.

Carthage, N. Y., comes forward with a woman who at the age of one hundred and one jumps rope and plays at "leap frog." A pretty specimen of second childhood.

An occasional fairweather church-goer says that a sermon on the vanities of life is weakened by the time it travels over a large congregation of beautiful bonnets.

A Wisconsin woman was lately lost in the woods for four days. Several people heard her cries, but they thought the noise was the sound of a propeller-whistle on the lakes.

A Milwaukee wedding terminated in a row, and somebody thrashed the bridegroom. Up there a little preliminary fighting is always considered a good thing for a bridegroom.

A young lady who went out to Florida from this city wrote home to her ma that as she could not secure a husband to her liking, she should bring home a young alligator. Did she discover an analogy?

A homely old widow dug up five thousand dollars in gold the other day, and now twenty young men sit on her doorstep at sundown and compare her physiognomy to the beautiful face of an angel.

"The greatest source of weakness to every nation under heaven," said a philosopher, "comes from the fact of its women having so little to do, and so much to say." That man is a crabbed old bachelor.

A belle says that most of the "men" met in the ball-room are "creatures" who can't talk, although they are preferable to the persons who tell about their personal likes, the kind of socks, etc., they fancy.

This is the way women are encouraged. At an agricultural fair $100 as a prize was offered to the fastest trotting horse, and $1 for the best loaf of bread. And yet women are expected to display well bred tendencies.

Last year the banjo fever raged among fashionable ladies. This year the proper thing is to play the violin. Many of the belles of New York are learning the accomplishment, and the neighbors are all taking to the woods.

One of the most solemn warnings we ever heard of was the case of a young lady in Boston who broke her neck while resisting a kiss. It appears that the girls there have become frightened, and now make no resistance whatever.

A New Hampshire man who died last week has left a will declaring the bequest to his wife forfeited if she was ever seen on the street with red stockings. If she never cared for red stockings before, she's likely crazy to wear them now.

The habit allowed by even polite usage which permits a lady to dine at a hotel table with the upper part of her face hid beneath a heavy veil, is diabolical. Is there anything to be ashamed of in dining at a hotel that a lady should appear to disguise herself?

A husband having in answer to his wife's repeated requests, cut off his whiskers and gone home to surprise her, was met by her in the hall and overwhelmed with hugs and kisses. After letting him go, she took a long look at him and exclaimed, "Oh, horrors, is it you?" Proceedings for divorce have been begun.

At a fair of the Congregationalist Church at Palestine, Texas, forty young women gave an exhibition drill with fans, showing how gracefully and bewitchingly these articles can be used. Then the fans were sold by auction, the prices depending on the popularity of its contributor, the whole profit reaching $150.

The lectures on Ancient History, on Greek Literature, and on English History are now thrown open to female students at Oxford. And the skies have not fallen. Those who think that it would not harm other colleges to follow Oxford's example, must reflect that an ancient and magnificent University can afford to be just.

A young lady at Newport slipped upon the waxed floor of a dancing-hall, got herself tangled up in falling, and broke her arm. She was carried home as if she were a martyr, and all Newport has been sending her flowers and notes of condolence. If she had broken that arm at the wash-tub, sympathy would not, in all likelihood, have been so demonstrative.

News Notes.

Butter is selling at 15 cents a pound in Snyder county.

Society in Paris is adopting English styles, habits, and customs.

Dressing uniformly with bridesmaids is getting to be out of fashion.

A fancy of the moment is to have the parasol, fan, gloves and hose to match, in color and decoration.

A woman was so grieved because her son whipped her, at New Albany, that she committed suicide.

Student blue is a lovely shade of pale grey blue, much in demand for light woolen suits for country wear.

The new Chicago Directory contains 196,000 names, which are calculated to represent a population of 580,000.

A bachelor of 50 years residing in Janesville, Wis., is about to marry a lady he has not seen since he was a boy.

Florida steps to the front with a beet 28 inches in circumference, 18 inches in length, and weighing 25 pounds.

At Lexington, Ky., a man who was using the telephone, received an electric shock that prostrated him for several hours.

Thirty-three electric light companies have been started in England, and they have a nominal aggregate capital of $33,000,000.

An official report shows that during the past year there were 303 persons killed by street accidents in Paris, and 1,084 wounded.

Young men bicylers around Boston go armed with torpedoes charged with cayenne pepper, for protection against barking dogs.

In the middle of June the snow lay thick at Balmoral, Scotland, and the cold was intense. Snow also fell in Fifeshire and in Norfolk, England.

A California town has a "Young Ladies' Society for the Prevention of Bad Taste." The first thing they did was to go and see Guiteau hanged in effigy.

Florida people have found that sponges grow at the rate of an inch a month, and sponge beds are being established at Pine Key, on a plan similar to that of the oyster beds.

B. J. Smith, an old and prominent editor of Austin, Texas, died the other day from the effects of a spider bite. His remains were followed to the grave by a large cortege of friends.

The resident population of Great Britain in middle of 1882 is estimated by the Registrar-General at 35,260,229 persons; that of England and Wales at 26,486,823; of Scotland at 3,735,420, and of Ireland at 5,038,072.

The annual interest on the public debt is now $1 08 for every inhabitant. In 1875 it was more than twice this, being $2 20 per capita, and in 1865 it was as high as $4 20 per capita, or $130,167,697 to be paid by 35,486,000 people.

The introduction of the bicycle seems destined to mark an era. It is estimated that there are two hundred thousand machines in use in London and the vicinity alone. In this country there are about thirty thousand.

The Grevin Museum of Wax Works in Paris has been sued by three shop-keepers whose adjoining establishments have been rendered untenable by reason of crowds of visitors to the Museum who stare in upon them as if they were a part of the show.

New Orleans editors are carefully reading a bill just reported to the Louisiana Legislature, which imposes a fine and imprisonment on people who send challenges and fight duels, and makes it the duty of courts to specially charge grand juries in the matter.

Charles E. Brown, of Salem, Mass., dropped dead while painting a sign a few days ago. Twenty-five years since his father, Jonathan Brown, dropped dead while attending a George Peabody dinner in Peabody, Mass. Heart disease was the cause in each case.

Phœnix Park, Dublin, has been constantly patrolled since the murder of Cavendish and Burke, and ludicrous results sometimes occur from the anxiety of the police to arrest suspicious persons after dark. One poor man, who is employed in the park, has been arrested on an average two or three times a night.

A Copenhagen, Ala., a few days ago, a large eagle swept down upon a small colored boy who was at work in a cornfield. The bird thrust its talons into his neck and back, and made a strenuous effort to carry him off, but the boy's screams attracted the neighbors, and when they approached the bird flew away.

There were 309 cases in England in which flogging formed part of the sentence for offenses during the period between the 13th of July, 1863, and the end of the year 1881. The number of cases in which the same offenders had been found guilty of similar offenses, and thereby became liable to be re-flogged, was five.

An out-of-door representation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is given in a Providence garden, part of which has been transformed into a Southern plantation, with cotton fields, negro quarters, St. Clair's mansion, etc. "Eliza" makes her escape across a real lake on a raft, followed by a pack of nineteen bloodhounds.

The old Chinese customs of burying the dead in the graveyards of their ancestors led, a few months ago, to a curious cargo being shipped from Yokahama to various ports on the Eastern Chinese coast. No fewer than 23 corpses were aboard this ship, having been exhumed at Negnishi for re-interment in China.

At Reno, Nev., an old pair of trousers had been hanging in a barnyard for some time, and a nest of hornets had settled in them. An Indian begged the trousers of the owner, and they were given him. The redskin, with great pride, put on the garment and started down the street. Ere long he set up a war-whoop, and started off like a madman.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Chills, Ague Chills, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Bruises, Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs, are instantly relieved.

MALARIA IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaints**, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain.

Fifty Cents per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

WHETHER SEATED IN THE

Lungs, Stomach, Skin, Bones, Flesh or Nerves,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homœopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton Street, New York

To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. "His remedies are the outgrowth of his own experience; they are the only known means of permanent cure."—*Signed*, Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, O.

One of Her Race.

BY WILLIAM F. BOEHMER.

MR. PAWSON was not young, but he was about to be married; and though he had reached his forty-fifth birthday, his bride was young pretty and charming, and had a mother who really took Mr. Pawson's attentions to herself when he first began to offer them at the house, which was not unnatural, as the were about the same age.

However, Mrs. Wilton did not mean to accept Mr. Pawson, or, for the matter of that, anybody at all; and she was greatly relieved when she found that the gentleman had his eye on "her Julia," and greatly astonished when the young lady accepted him.

"I really do not know what to say, and I can't think about it properly," she declared. "The idea, Julia. Mr. Pawson looks older than your poor pa ever did. He's very nice, but it seems to me that at your age——"

"Yes, ma, I know," said Julia; "but somehow I like him awfully, and I'm sure he'll make a good husband; and—and that did not influence me, but he's exceedingly well off."

"That is a comfort," said Mrs. Wilton. "Well, dear, you marry for yourself, not for me. I can live quite alone in a boarding-house, I dare say; or go out to China to your brother Alfred."

"Oh, ma, we'll never part," sobbed Julia. "I shall have a beautiful home, and you shall have the handsomest room in it, and live there always."

Poor Julia, she reckoned without her host.

All his life Mr. Pawson had heard dreadful stories about mothers-in-law, and when, after the nuptial knot was tied, and the tour taken, and the newly-made couple returned to their native city, Julia asked, timidly, "When she might send for ma to come to them," her devoted Pawson horrified her by replying—

"Never! You see, my dear," he continued, "all the disturbances that occur in married life seem to be caused by mothers-in-law, and I do not mean to have one in my house."

In vain did Julia plead and weep. Anything else would Pawson do for Mrs. Wilton but ask her to his house—anything else—and in uttering this that he brought upon himself the very thing he dreaded—domestic discord.

Mrs. Wilton would never have dreamt of being disagreeable in her son-in-law's house but it was certainly unpleasant to know what had transpired.

"Don't quarrel about it, Julia" she used to say. "It's only what I expected. I shall go out to Alfred in China. Those old men are so prejudiced."

Then Julia would declare that dear John was not old, and fall to crying. At last the matter ended in a regular feud between the son-in-law and the mother-in-law, and the former forbade his wife to visit her mother.

By this time more than a year had glided by, and one morning the faint crying of a young infant was heard in the house of Pawson.

Nurse was there in a big cap and apron. The doctor departed, declaring that he had never seen so fine a child before, and Mrs. Pawson secretly wept over the infant that his grandmother had not yet seen.

Meanwhile, riot commenced in the kitchen. The cook established her husband, a gentleman who was exceedingly fond of whisky, as a permanent member of the establishment.

The upstairs girl spent her time flirting with two beaux.

The waitress might be rung for twenty times in vain.

She was generally somewhere down the street.

Mr. Pawson waited for his dinner, and ate it raw; went out without his breakfast, found his shirts going, his socks following them; slept in damp sheets, shivered in a cold house because the fire had been let out; had it proved to him that a pudding was an exertion of which no cook could be expected to be capable, and saw his house wearing the neglected look of a mansion that had been "to let" for many months.

What he suffered no words can tell. At last the climax arrived.

Nurse was found tipsy on the floor with a black bottle in one hand and the baby in the other.

Cook and her husband, not much more sober, snored by the kitchen fire.

The chambermaid had gone to a pic-nic with one of her beaux, and the waiter, endeavoring to show her promptitude, at a late hour tumbled downstairs with a tray full of dishes, and was taken to the hospital.

The grocer called with a bill run up by the domestics, and the proprietor of the liquor store sent his clerk to know when it would be convenient for Mr. Pawson to pay for the whisky Mrs. Pawson had had since her illness—six gallons in all.

Poor Pawson was almost frantic.

"What shall I do, my dear?" he said to his wife. "Tell me what to do."

And Mrs. Pawson, peeping from the nest where she cuddled baby and tried to soothe his woes, answered promptly—

"Send for ma. She'll set everything right for us."

And so it came about that poor Pawson, hat in hand, stood before his mother-in-law, and meekly besought aid and comfort at her hands.

"Of course, I'll come to Julia, Mr. Pawson," said Mrs. Wilton, with dignity. "My daughter is all I have, and I bear no malice—none whatever to you. I had written to my son Alfred in China, that I would join him, but I can go later. Naturally I wished to see the baby."

Then Mr. Pawson took his mother-in-law home in a carriage.

A tidy house, perfect dinners, servants perfectly drilled, a happy wife, a cooing baby, sweet as a rose, and no cross nurse to banish him from Julia's room. Mr. Pawson was happy; and, as he looked at the little woman who managed all this for him, he began to feel conscience-stricken.

This was a mother-in-law, then. How he hated the people who had told him those dreadful stories.

This was only Julia grown older, and—yes, he must admit—more sensible. How could he atone for the past?

This is the way he did it.

Julia was well, and all was serene on the domestic horizon, when Mrs. Wilton, looking a little gravely across the breakfast-table at her daughter, said—

"Julia, the 'Chi Ching Fo' is to sail on Thursday week. I think I'll take passage in her and join Alfred in China. If I am going to do it, it might as well be soon; through I suppose I shall never see you or baby again. I only come because I was needed. I know Mr. Pawson's opinion of mothers-in-law."

The hour and the moment had come. Pawson met it like a man.

Rising from his seat he put one hand upon his bosom and extended the other towards the ceiling.

"Mrs. Wilton—my dear madam," he began, "whatever I may have said about mothers-in-law was uttered in the blindness and stupidity of ignorance. I revoke every syllable, and here upon my bended knees"—and down he went—"I entreat you to bless and honor our household by remaining an inmate of it. I do not deserve it, but think of Julia."

Mrs. Wilton listened with dignity, gave her hand to her son-in-law, and declared that she would think it over.

She did, and it is certain that she has never yet gone to Alfred in China, and that Mr. Pawson regularly contradicts any remark that may be made against mothers-in-law.

THE ROBBER AND THE LADY.

ONE warm night in July, in 1721, as she was about retiring, and her women had left her, leaving the window open on account of the heat, a slight noise was heard at the blinds, and the head of a man appeared before the sight of the marechale. She was about to scream, and extended her hand toward a rope, but two agile hands closed her mouth and imprisoned her hand. "Not a sound, not a movement," whispered the man in the ear of the marechale. "I am Louis Dominique Cartouche; I need say no more, think." The poor marechale, more dead than alive, did not move. Cartouche listened to the noises in the street. After a few moments of silence he smiled and continued in a low voice: "The street is guarded; they have traced me but they did not see me climb your baloony. I am saved if you do not speak, and you will not speak," said he opening his coat. Several small pistols glistened in his belt. But the avoiding the police is not all, Madame; I have not slept in a bed for eight days. I am dead with fatigue and hunger. I wish a good supper and some hours of good repose. A sofa will suffice. As for supper, I am not particular—a chicken, some fruit, and a bottle of champagne. Ring for your women. Pretend you are hungry, and when I shall be refreshed and restored I shall have the honor to tender you my sincere thanks." The marechale obeyed his order, pulled the bell with a trembling hand, and ordered her women in a hoarse voice to bring some supper. Cartouche, hidden behind the curtains, did not lose a movement of Mme. de Boufflers. The repast was served, and the marechale sent away her women, astonished at the extraordinary appetite of the mistress. Cartouche placed himself at the table and speedily devoured the supper. Then graciously saluting his involuntary hostess, "Now, Madame, permit me to wish you good night. I will retire to my sleeping-room, but be good enough not to forget that I am here, for you know Cartouche sleeps with one eye open." About 3 o'clock in the morning Cartouche, refreshed by sleep, again entered the apartment of the marechale, who, still seated upon her bed, not ceased to tremble like a mouse caught in a trap. He thanked her for her hospitality, and, after a glance in the deserted street, threw himself into the street and disappeared. The marechale, after listening for a few moments, rose from her bed, shut the window, and called her servants. Apprised of the facts, they rushed into the street. No Cartouche. Mme. de Boufflers visited the two chambers, but nothing was missing. Some days later the marechale received by an unknown hand a basket of excellent champagne. It was a gift from her nocturnal guest.

THE PARTNER FOR LIFE.—Many a man has seen his choice for a partner in life, in the humble girl far beneath him in the opinion of the world, and although love and pride might have struggled with him for a while, yet pride triumphed, and he sought one from the higher walks of life. In all the vicissitudes of social existence, there is nothing capable of inflicting more certain misery than is sure to follow such a course. It distracts the general harmony of our days, mis-shapes our ends, shortens the length of life, lessens the stature of manhood, and is contrary to the divine instructions of the Bible; for it declares where love is there is peace, plenty and thriftiness. Everything is sure to follow a happy union. Let not pride interfere in the matter.

New Publications.

Arthur's Magazine for August is full of good matter. The prose and poetry are in all respects unexceptionable, while the household departments for fullness and excellence cannot be surpassed. No better home magazine is published. T. S. Arthur & Son, 227 S. 6th street, Publishers.

Potter's American Monthly for August contains the following articles, some of which are magnificently illustrated. Quebec and the St. Lawrence; The British Stage in the Nineteenth Century; The Harvest Bird; The Poet-painter of Munich, Gabriel Max; One Twenty-nine; The Philosophy of Emerson; Novelties in Fancy Work, etc. There are also large instalments of the absorbing serials, Grapes of Gall, and A Ball-Room Repentence. The departments likewise are well-filled with good matter, and altogether the number is an excellent one. Price 25 cents per number. John E. Potter & Co., Publishers, Phila.

"Luther at Wartburg, and Luther at Coburg," two volumes in one, by J. G. Morris, D. D., LL., D., is a new book, 16mo., 240 pages, just issued. This volume contains much interesting and important information relating to the hero of the Reformation, which Lutherans and others should be familiar with. Ministers, heads of families, and Sunday school officers, should order copies of the book. It is nicely printed and bound. Mailed, postage prepaid, at $1.00 per copy. Lutheran Publication House, 42 N. 9th street, city.

Hilda; or God Leadeth, is the title of a new volume of the Fatherland Series, translated from the German by Miss M. P. Butcher, which has just been issued. The book, which is a good one, teaches a grand, wholesome lesson, and makes a fine 16mo. volume of 201 pages. It is sold, postage prepaid, at 90 cents. Every family and every Sunday-school should have a copy. Lutheran Publication House, 42 N. 9th St., Phila.

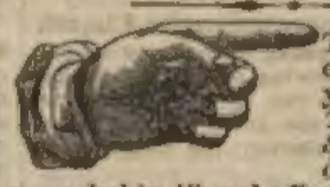
Messrs. G. W. Harlan & Co., of New York, will shortly begin the publication of a series of novels under the title *Kaaterskill Series*. They will be bound handsomely in cloth, at the uniform rate of $1 each. The initial volume will be *A Fair Philosopher*, from the pen of a leading novelist whose originality and power have been recognized on all hands.

St. Nicholas for August is crammed with good things. It is largely made of timely reading in the shape of travel and adventure, its stories and articles dealing of persons and things all over the world. H. H. Boyesen tells "How Burt went Whale-Hunting in Norway;" Mrs. Lucretia P. Hale, of "Mrs. Peterkin in Egypt;" James Baldwin continues the "Stories from the Northern Myths," and other articles describe "A Visit to the Home of Sir Walter Scott;" "How a Hoosier Boy Saw the Tower of Pisa;" and "Summer Days at Lake George." Besides these there are other sketches, short stories, serials, poetry, the departments and score of good pictures.

R. Worthington, of New York, announces for immediate publication, Mr. Theodore Tilton's New book entitled, "Swabian Stories," consisting of eighteen tales, legendary, historical and fanciful, some tragic and others humorous, done in various metres and all in rhyme. 1 vol., 12mo. They also have in press Mr. Swinburne's new book, which contains some of the finest poems and sonnets he has ever written, entitled, "Tristam of Lyonesse," and other poems. 1 vol., crown 8vo.

"The Tomahawk" is the title of a new illustrated paper published at Washington, D. C. It is to be independent in all respects, and promises to be lively in the fullest sense of the word. The cuts and matter of the initial number give indication that these promises will be fulfilled. Several new features are announced, and if the Capital needs a journal of this character it can have no good reason for refusing to give this well-deserved support. Published every Saturday at 816 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Subscription $2.50 per year in advance.

SLEEPER.—A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper which carries the sleeper while he sleeps runs. Therefore while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps off the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, and then there is no sleeper in the sleeper on the sleeper.



THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of *The Frank Siddalls Soap* had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap sends for it.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

White River, June 21, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

T. S.

Parry Harbor, Canada, June 24, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

E. E.

Tarboro, N. C., June 21, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

W. D. L.

Marlboro, O., June 25, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

G. W.

Marengo, Va., June 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

F. M.

Columbiaville, Mich, June 21, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. S. M.

Jamestown, Mo., June 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

T. S.

Decatur, Ill., June 24, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

M. E. H.

Iron Mountain, Tex., June 23, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

W. F. B.

North Hector, N.Y., June 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

M. C.

Stockdale, Tex., June 19, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

W. D. R.

Chehalis, Wash. Ter., June 28, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

A. M.

Pearsal, Tex., June 19, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

U. S. F.

Berlinton, Ind., June 23, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Geograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

G. W. H.

Peconic, La., June 18, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

C. C. P.

Chattanooga, June 27, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. E. R.

Verndale, Minn., June 23, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Geograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. E. B.

Jamestown, Ind., June 24, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

I. F. D.

ONLY.

Only a pic-nic ground
Of mossy emerald hue—
Grass and flowers around;
Laughter and song are borne on the breeze,
Birds make praise in the bending trees—
Pleasure the whole day through.

Only a custard pie—
Soft as a zephyr's kiss,
Light as a maiden's sigh,
Placed on that merry pic-nic ground—
Lovers, like lambs, are straying around,
Lost in a sea of bliss.

Only a pair of pants,
White as the falling snow—
Many a maid enchants—
Wrought of costly fabric fair—
Doomed to a weird and wild despair;
Fated to deathless woe.

Only a sitting down—
Only a smothered moan—
Only a painful frown—
O snow-white pants and custard pie!
Heaven help thy mutual misery,
Since now thy charms be flown.

—K. C. T.

Humorous.

A deep thinker—The submarine explorer.

Always remember that it is better late than later.

Wanted—An artist to paint the very picture of health.

In summer what aggravates are the flies; in winter it's the fines.

A foreigner, my young friend, is a man who comes from far and near.

Grain is cradled when it is in the sere and yellow; man is cradled only in his yeller days.

You never hear of a strike among the astronomers. Their business is always looking up.

What is that which a person likes to have and to get rid of as soon as possible? A good appetite.

"Father, have guns got legs?" "No." "How do they kick, then?" "With their breeches, my son."

Who prolongs his work to as great a length as possible, and still completes it in time? The rope-maker.

"Love," says a writer, "lightens the heart." It has been know to have precisely the same effect upon the pocket-book

Men and women. A contrast—Men like to see themselves in print. Men are modest. Women like to see themselves in silk or velvet.

"Don't you think Miss Brown is a very sweet girl?" asked Henry. "Oh, yes, very sweet," replied Jane—"that is, she is well preserved."

It has been said, though ill-naturedly, of old men, that they like to give good advice, as a consolation for being no longer in a condition to give a bad example.

General Sherman says he eats bean soup every day when at home, if he can get it. The General is supposed to be smoothing the way for a statue of himself in Boston.

"Is it injurious to eat before going to sleep?" asks a correspondent. Why, no, not fatally injurious; but you just try eating before you go to sleep if you want to see a circus.

A new work on etiquette says, "Soup must be eaten with a spoon." Persons who are in the habit of eating soup with a fork or carving-knife will be slow to adopt such a newfangled idea.

Little Artie came running in from the other day, exclaiming: "Ma, ma! I seed suffin' down here that sticked his head right down in his mouf." Investigation proved that he had found a mud-turtle.

"Well, old fellow, what are you doing now?" "Nothing; but I've a big scheme on foot. Lots of money in it." "A-oh! What is it?" "I'm going into a banking-house." "After dark? I suppose."

Seventeen indictments have been found against a notorious counterfeiter. The punishment for each is fifteen years in prison, or two hundred and twenty-five years in all. His friends hope to get it reduced for life.

It is stated by scientists that only the female mosquitoes bite. Now, we presume folks'll be expected to offer no resistance, but let the cusses chaw away, on the principle that a female must be allowed to do as she chooses.

A young girl being asked recently, as she returned from the circulating library with the last new novel, if she had ever read Shakespeare, tossed her pretty head, and answered: "Shakespeare? Why, of course I have—I read that when it first came out."

NERVOUS DEBILITY and weakness, "Wells' Health Renewer" is greatest remedy. Druggists, $1.

At a dinner-party a clumsy footman spills the contents of a sauce-boat over the dress of one of the guests. "How clumsy! What a pity!" says the lady of the house; "how could you do such a thing? As likely as not there won't be sauce enough to go round now!"

STINGING irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1. per bottle.

"Yes," said the gentleman at the seaside to his friend, "this flirtation is getting too serious. Evidently her mother thinks my bank account all right. Can't we contrive it so they'll overhear me ask you for a loan, and you say you're very sorry, but you can't spare it?"

DON'T DIE in the house. Ask Druggists for Rough on Rats, mice, wussels, &c.

A schoolmistress, while taking down the name and age of her pupils, and of their parents, at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow, "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name; he can't come to school; ma says he never had brains, anyhow."

"Should a man shave up or down?" asked Augustus. "That depends," replied the barber. "When I shave you, for instance, I always shave down." The emphasis on the last word nearly broke Augustus' heart.

A Brooklyn boy wrote a composition on the subject of the Quakers, which he described as a sect who never quarreled, never got into a fight, never clawed each other, and never jawed back. The production contained a postscript in these words: "Pa's a Quaker, but ma isn't."

N. P. Willis once said: "The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife." This is true, indeed; but when the welcome is clouded with an atmosphere of angry words and coal-scuttles, there is something about it that makes a man want to go out in the wood-shed and sleep on the ice-chest.

A man who had advertised his house to rent at $1,500, was about concluding an arrangement to lease it, when he asked the applicant what his occupation was. "I'm a musician," said the man, innocently. "A musician!" repeated the landlord, with an expression that indicated some painful experience, "then I can't think of letting you have it for less than $3,000."

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Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 36 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

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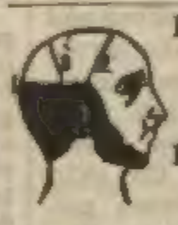

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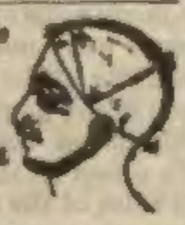

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

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Of interest to every reader of this paper, who appreciates merit, beauty and sterling value.

In all ages diamonds have been esteemed the most precious among precious stones. Modern invention, however, has just produced an imitation so marvelously perfect that expert judges fail to detect the difference. Why pay a fabulous price for a diamond when a perfect substitute can be had for nothing? The new diamonds are worn universally in Europe, and their reputation is being rapidly established here.

The imitations are called **Diamante Brilliants,** they are perfect gems, and all set in SOLID GOLD. They are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds. The best judges fail to detect the imitation from the real; they are produced chemically—are worn in the best society and are really the only perfect substitute ever produced, as they possess all the purity, brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to old mine diamonds of the first water. We are sending out hundreds of them daily, and could fill a volume with the candid expressions of surprise and delight of recipients, from Maine to California. The illustrations below give an accurate outline of the style of setting the

We use but two sizes of **Diamante Brilliants**—the earrings and ring, each 1-karat stone, the stud 3-karats. They are not dollar-store goods, but are sold in Philadelphia for $5 to $15 each.

We don't sell **Diamante Brilliants,** but use them as a Premium for our Paper. We are ambitious to secure the largest subscription list in the country; and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. With such expensive premiums we lose money on the first year's subscription; and if we fail to do all we promise and give a premium, which does not meet or exceed the expectations of our readers, our work is thrown away, and next year we can't expect to find you a member of the Post family.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE collars most in favor for summer toilettes are of unequalled delicacy and beauty; rich, vivid hues are laid aside, and old, somewhat faded colors take their places recalling the shades of old tapestry.

Sage greens, dull greenish blues like the floating clouds after a storm of rain, pink, the color of fading roses, appearing as large unknown flowers of chimeric, but beautiful shapes, various gold shades, often forming a kind of transparent film over the whole material.

Brick is also a very favorite color, and looks especially well in satin, shot with gold.

As to materials, soft silken fabrics are used, draped with exquisite style and art, in short paniers, which improve and lessen the size of the waist.

Many ladies are seriously troubled at the inconveniences attending the use of materials with large designs, flowers or otherwise.

They rightly consider that a most unbecoming and inartistic effect is produced by the interruption of the pattern at the seams; but clever dress-makers have put an end to the difficulty, and everybody can now wear fabrics painted with gigantic flowers, monster butterflies, and other strange objects, which domineering fashion has decreed to be the proper thing at present.

The back piece is quite straight, and the proper shape is obtained by pleating the material, and hiding the seams under the pleats.

In front, a pleated drapery conceals the seams also, while those under the arm are of course little seen.

To accompany a corsage made in this manner, there is no prettier skirt then one covered with écru or white lace flounces, the Regence tunic being of exotic foulard like the corsage.

For plain materials, the dress par excellence, has a skirt of black lace flounces, the tunic being of plain satin merveilleux—a charming combination of simplicity and true elegance.

For ordinary wear, dresses are still made of fine summer cloth and of muslin cloth as fine as batiste, falling in soft supple folds.

For ornament, embroidery is used, placed plain like braid, or forming a soft fleecy frilled edging.

But in opposition to puffs and draperies, certain costumes are made with a plain simplicity which is very stylish; the extreme elegance of the style threatening complete annihilation to the more elaborate modes, which, to be saved from destruction, are increased in skilfully arranged drapery and cunningly devised paniers.

The plainer dresses are often made of the richest materials, the back falling in straight plain pleats, which throw up to advantage the graceful walk, and correct curves of an finely formed figure.

The following toilette will correctly illustrate the coming style, the skirt being of white lace on a white satin foundation. The Corsage is of brick faille with a point in front; the back being the Princess cut, falling in long elegant pleats nearly to the edge of the skirt; only showing the balayeuse of faille and one lace flounce.

A lace scarf, or one of flowered Louis XV. foulard, will be placed loosely round the waist, and tied like a child's sash behind.

There is considerable character in this kind of costume, utterly distinct to those with paniers whose puffed looping are specially adapted to very slender figures of thin woolen materials and light cloth, are almost invariably used for traveling dresses. One of the neatest and simplest of these is made of a brown and fawn very small check. The short skirt is entirely kilted, the pleats expanding at the bottom where they are trebly stitched with thick brown silk, and the rest of the costume is a well cut and fitted Newmarket coat of moderate length, which is double breasted, stitched at the edges like the skirt, and fastened with bone buttons matching the brown of the cloth.

With this is worn a small brown velvet hat without feathers of trimming, and a large cravat of cream muslin puts the finishing touch.

I notice at the same time a dark toilet prettily made. It is of very thin, silky-looking cashmere, and the color dark green.

At the bottom of the skirt, which is made on a silk foundation, is a box-pleated flounce bordered with the material, worked in silk in a narrow pattern.

Behind, the drapery is one large square piece, fully drawn up over the crinolette with a wide moire sash, and bordered to correspond with the flounce.

The tablier is arranged like a fan, with flat pleats of the cashmere turning both ways from the centre, and has a very wide embroidery going round.

This fan front is gathered into two narrow puffings at the top forming a heading, and on either side of these the paniers, also embroidered, cover the remainder of the foundation of the skirt, and are gathered under the sash behind.

The bodice is plain and pointed with only a little embroidery, and the toilet, which is worn by a married lady, is completed with a small bonnet composed of green brocbe silk worked with small gold beads put flat over the crown, with the brim covered on the outside with shaded green feathers and lined with cream Spanish lace, the strings being of the same.

All white dresses are fashionable, and also the same trimmed with yellow or cream lace, the latter looking very pretty when made of thin washing material.

A description of some costumes I have lately seen will give my readers an idea of some of the prevailing styles.

One black-and-white costume consisted of a skirt of white surah entirely covered as to the front and sides with narrow lace flounces.

There was a scarf drapery of white surah, and the back was of the same material, put in the straight pleats. A small coat-tail bodice of white satin was worn, painted by hand with a large pattern of flowers in black-and-white.

A large bunch of scarlet geraniums was worn at the throat and the same point of color was repeated on the large white lace parasol. A very small black princess bonnet was worn with this effective toilette, and long black gloves.

Among some extremely pretty cottons and sateens was a noticeable feature; the severe simplicity of the cut of such dresses, compared to the flounced fussiness of last year. A nice dress was of snuff-colored sateen with pleats let into the front of the skirt and sides of the coat-tunic of a sateen pattern with enormous pink roses on it. The collar, cuffs, pocket, etc., were also made of the roses, and a small brown Langtry hat was lined with them, and suited wonderfully well the fair young face for which it was intended.

Another well-made cotton was a combination of blue and red. The skirt was of crimson sateen made in box-pleats from the waist, with a tiny ruche of Beetle lace just peeping out at the bottom.

The tight pointed bodice and paniers were of invisible blue with red spots on it, and there was a shower of blue and red ribbons with long ends fastened where the drapery was looped at one side. A dark blue plate hat was lined with poppies, and long tan gloves finished a very striking costume.

A handsome dress for a young married lady, was of gold and brown. There was quite a plain skirt of a large patterned brocaded velvet—brown flowers on a gold ground.

This was edged with a deep ruche of brown satin lined with gold. The bodice and wing-draperies were of brown surah with a pointed plastron of brocade let down the front of the bodice.

A branch of salmon-pink roses harmonized admirably with this dress, and was to be worn at one side of the neck; a small brown Princess bonnet was outlined with gold beads, and tied under the chin with brown, gold-spotted net. The parasol was a large plain one, consisting of a striped material in brown and gold.

Another handsome sateen dress was made in black, gold, and crimson. The skirt was made of five box-pleated flounces of black and gold striped sateen, each flounce being edged with deep gold-colored lace. The tight bodice was of plain black sateen, with a striped plastron let in down the front; the scarf drapery was twisted round the hips, and showed the lining of deep crimson sateen, it then being arranged in a huge bow and ends behind. There were bunches of crimson, gold, and black ribbons in different parts of the dress, and a huge black flap hat was to be tied with broad lace strings under the chin, and had the inside of the brim crammed with crimson roses.

Fireside Chat.

COLORED PRINT AND WOOLEN SCRAPS.

REMNANTS, cuttings, and patterns of the varied and artistic prints, chintzes, cretonnes, and sateens, which during some seasons have been so fashionable, can be utilized for many decorative purposes. The scraps can be sorted and cut into two different sizes and shapes—into squares from three inches to four inches, or rather long narrow parallelograms.

To tack round the edges of these neatly will be easy evening work for those who do not wish to try their eyes.

Soft white cotton and a rather fine needle will be found the best to use.

The corners must be neatly tucked down, which can only be effected by clipping away the doubles of material in turning it. Strips of white or cream sateen, dimity, crash, oatmeal cloth, or any washing material desired are prepared next.

These must be two inches wider than a line drawn across the points of the angles, crosswise, of the squares prepared.

The edges of these strips are then folded in inch-deep, and ironed, or pressed over, so as to keep a line. The print and chintz squares are now laid on the strips diamond-wise—that is, one angle point of each square touching the other, and tacked down lightly again round the edges on to the strip, taking care to leave the inch margin evenly at each side.

When all are tacked on, stitch them on firmly with a chainstitch sewing machine, proceeding in zigzag down one side first and then the other.

The stitching should be done as near as possible the edges with a medium stitch, rather loose tension, and fine thread. The surplus width of the strip must be kept flat out of the way of work, as it is afterward turned in when sewing on the decorated strips.

These are made in lengths from two to four yards, and used to trim bed and window hangings, coverlets, dressing table draperies, tidies, bed room chairs, etc.; and if destined for frequent washing, only fast dye prints or chintzes can be used.

In applying the edges are folded in, and slip-stitched, or piped on. A multi-colored daisy fringe, or one of a predominating color, is a good addition to such hangings. Other chintzes, cretonnes, and the lovely colored sateens, which, however, do not wash well, can be applied in the same manner on strips of black, stone, or any colored sateen sheeting, oatmeal cloth, etc., and used for a variety of purposes.

Fine, bright-colored or toned woolen material scraps can be utilized in exactly the same manner on cloth, cashmere, satinette, etc., strips for decorative purposes. The same mode holds good, too, for silk, satin, velvet, and brocade scraps.

The manner of applying the long narrow parallelograms is as follows: The strips must be 2in. wider the longer line drawn from angle points crosswise of the parallelogram. These are then applied diagonally, or with the short lines parallel to the inch edge mark of the strip, and laid on the distance of this shorter line, apart, which gives a scroll or gibbon effect, very graceful if well carried out.

For this mode, it is desirable to have the parallelograms either all, or in sets of three, four, or six, in one color, as it interrupts the winding look to have each a different color. The machine-stitching on of these must be done either for each separate, or running down the edge mark of the strip into the next, proceeding from side to side. With colored strips, the thread should always be of the same shade.

This design, carried out in Turkey twill on canvas-colored strips, has a capital effect, and washes well.

Groups of fast dye, red batistes, or cottons arrange well in different shades. Silk, satin, velvet, etc., are better slip-stitched, or with silk to match each color.

This work is easily handled, and very successful if judiciously arranged. Chair-backs, sofa, bed, driving, or perambulator rugs can be thus ornamented either by strips laid on, or the squares as parallelograms, applied at once to the material. For the coming season of gifts and presents, such rugs, made of some of the "Olden Times" stuffs of Welsh manufacture, and thus ornamented, will prove a great boon to the recipients, and cost little to the giver. Comfortable sofa and chair cushions can be ornamented in borders, or all over with pretty diamond-shaped pieces.

Shawl borders, destined as gifts to old women, are very pretty, thus arranged in rather small diamonds, and a yard square or more of grey Welsh flannel represents a great many luxuries from colds, rheumatism, etc.

Lucie.—The footstool will look very handsome embroidered in satin stitch with bright colored silks upon steel-grey cloth, or else made entirely of some dark, rich-looking shade of plush, and embroidered upon bands of satin with silks of soft and delicate shades. The mounting should be of ebony and gold.

H. L.—The mat should be made of cream velvet with the design appliqued on to it in old-gold satin worked with blue silk cord, and the trimming a handsome fringe of the two colors.

Little Flo.—Russian embroidery and Holbein embroidery make charming trimmings for underlinen and wash extremely well. We have given many pretty patterns for this work from time to time, both insertions and edgings.

Mulberry Leaves.—The canvas must depend entirely on the stitch that you wish to make, for instance, for cross-stitch, plaited and leviathan stitch, the Penelope canvas must be used, but it for Gobelin and tent stitch then the canvas with plain and undivided threads must be chosen. 2. You can procure the silk at any good fancy work shop.

Farrie Queen.—Yes, the blotting case will make a very pretty and suitable present, but we would suggest its being covered with red velvet instead of satin, and the Marguerites appliqued on in white satin, the centres being worked with gold thread. Line the whole with red satin, and on the reverse side of the case embroider the monogram in white silk and gold.

Poppies.—The contrast of colors you suggest is not very good; the coral-pink is a pretty shade and would combine well with a dark shade of olive or bronze-green.

Correspondence.

S. E. F., (Grinnel, Iowa.)—So far as we know he is entirely reliable.

AMBITIOUS, (Memphis, Tenn.)—Nothing that we know of, except patience and constant shaving.

G. G., (Los Angelos, Cal.)—The "Blacksmith and Wheelwright," New York, may serve your purpose.

E. D., (Goldstone.)—Authorities differ. Some make it Buckley, other Buckalew, others as spelled. We prefer Buckley. 2. Oscar Wilde is an Irishman. 3. We think he is dead.

A. W. G., (Suffolk, N. Y.)—Address Claxton & Co., Publishers, this city, for the book. We cannot understand the question, "Pillowow's," as we make it, goes beyond our ken.

GUS, (Louisburg, Kans.)—Address Lippincott & Co., Publishers, this city, mentioning the book you want and the price you would care to pay. Such dictionaries may be had from one up to twelve dollars.

MOLLIE, (Wilkesbarre, Pa.)—Edward means happy-keeper; Frank, free; Maud, a lady of honor; William, defending many. The best thing to do to procure rosy cheeks is to live a natural, not an artificial, life.

MIGNON, (Brooklyn, L. I.)—There are [illegible] to remove a mole, but they are all of no means of concealing the scar that would not be a greater blemish. If there is any possibility of its being rendered less noticeable, a surgeon could tell you better than the chemist.

C. D. N., (Thomaston, Conn.)—The total number of troops called out by the North in the civil war was 2,690,748. The public debt at the close of the war was about two billion and a half dollars. We will answer the other question in a future number.

ARIEL, (Hillsboro, Iowa.)—Your theory does not hold good. If there is such a coincidence it is purely accidental. There is no law of progression in the weather that has been observed. Perhaps the *American Agriculturist*, New York, could put you in possession of the facts concerning the seasons for the time mentioned.

S. F. S., (Brookhaven, Miss.)—The premium is on the half-dollar of 1853 which contains no arrows in the impression. On those that have arrows there is no premium. Those of 1807 have no extra value. The reason why coins bear a premium is on account of their variety or other circumstance which gives them a value beyond their intrinsic worth.

PUZZLED, (Jonesboro, Tenn.)—The following are the best answers we have received to the 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 puzzle. The first is from "Jesse McC. L.," Equality, Ill.: 8, 9 equals 17; 34 + 28, 6 equals 100; 99 5-10, 77 4-6, 5—100. One from "Brad," New York, is: 89, 27 54, 10, 3 6. It cannot be done without fractions, and these fractions, of course, in the final summing up only count as one.

LANGUAGES, (Cambridge, Mass.)—It would take volumes to answer your questions satisfactorily, and we shall therefore content ourselves by saying that the Chinese is, by some authors, supposed to be the oldest language which has come down continuously from the ancient world, in a spoken form, in daily use by a whole nation, and with the least change in its structure.

HISTORICUS, (Vineland, N. J.)—The Chinese trace the genealogies of their earliest emperors back to the gods, and called the country they ruled the Celestial Empire. 2. Psyche was a character of Greek romance. She was a beautiful girl, and was loved by Eros, the personification of love. After many trials, she was taken to heaven by Zeus, and united to her beloved Eros forever. She is usually supposed to represent the soul. The name is pronounced "Sy-ke."

SEAL, (Cape May, N. J.)—A 1 is the symbol used by Lloyds, the English shipping agents, for a first-class vessel. The letter A refers to the character of the hull of the ship, and is assigned to a new ship varying from four to fifteen years, according to the material used and the workmanship. After the original term is expired the A may be continued for a further specified term, on condition of certain specified repairs, etc. The figure 1 refers to the state of anchors, cables, and other fittings. Vessels of inferior character are classified under the letters E, I.

STUDENT, (Baltimore, Md.)—Yes, we believe there is much truth in your assertion that system is just as valuable to a man as genius. In business at all events, system is preferable to genius. System is the greatest labor-saving machine in the world, and the cheapest, but it is not the easiest governed. It requires reason and management to control and exercise it. Yet, wherever it has been introduced, this great labor-saving machine has been a success, demonstrating to the world that it has saved its operator unnecessary trouble, a multitude of perplexities, kept his workshop in order, and enabled him to perform correctly more by far than in its absence would have been possible. It has many a time kept its possessor from exasperating entanglements, saved time, and has kept his business rectified while others have been confused. System! It has ever been a victor in war. It is the powerful sceptre that the true statesman and the political economist sway in government, and it has been, and still is, the commonest stepping-stone to individual fortune. Have system in your management, and you will find eventually it will outweigh the physical forces of energy and of genius without it.

JUMBO, (Camden, N. J.)—You ask what is the meaning of Mumbo Jumbo, and to what language it belongs? The name was brought to our people by the celebrated traveler, Mungo Park, about the beginning of the present century. It is the name of a strange bugbear common to the Mandingo tribes in Africa. According to Mungo Park, the negroes use it chiefly to discipline their wives with. The principal men have a great many wives apiece, who often become so quarrelsome that the husband's domestic authority is destroyed. When things become intolerable, Mumbo Jumbo is called in. He is a person dressed in a fantastic costume, usually the husband himself, or some one instructed by him; who is armed with the rod of public authority, and announces his coming by loud and frightful screams in the wood near the town. He enters the house after dark, songs, dances, and other festivities are kept up till midnight, and then Mumbo Jumbo rises on the chief offender. As soon as he points him out he is seized, tied to a post, and severely scourged by Mumbo's rod, amidst the shouts and derision of the crowd. This frightens the other women into submission to marital authority, and peace once more reigns in the household.